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FROM THE BOOKS  
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett

AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE



BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1903

1931





Theodore Jewett Eastman,  
from J. T. Perry.

Dec. 25. 1887.

## V. MR. BODLEY ABROAD.

The reason of the dispatch is that Mr. Bodley is unexpectedly called to Europe, and in this final volume of the series he goes abroad, while the rest of the family at first go for a fortnight to Cape Cod, and then return to Roxbury. Mr. Bodley does not return till Thanksgiving time, but he writes letters home, and, after he returns, tells stories of Europe. The children, besides, have their own journeys and adventures, so that Europe and America appear in equal proportions. Mrs. Bodley, who stays at home, has been to Europe before, so that she is able to enlarge on what Mr. Bodley writes home, and Hen, who has gone off on a voyage, stumbles upon Mr. Bodley abroad, and comes back before him with fresh yarns.

The time of the five stories is about 1848-1852.

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## A NEW BODLEY SERIES.

It was intimated at the close of Mr. Bodley Abroad that the children might themselves go to Europe when they had grown up. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that thirty years after the days when they were Bodley children they had children of their own, and thus a new series of adventures and stories have begun. Nathan and Phippy Bodley, having married a sister and brother, are now the heads of families themselves, and a new career opens in

### THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN

#### AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND,

the first volume of the second series. In this volume the two families, with the grandchildren, start from New York, after first making themselves acquainted with the doings of their Dutch ancestors there in the days of New Amsterdam, and spend several weeks in Holland, seeing sights, taking an object lesson in history, and especially *making the connection between American history and Dutch history*. They are Americans visiting Europe not merely for the pleasure of travel, but for the purpose of tracing back the footprints of their ancestors.

The time of the story is the summer of 1881.







A DUTCH HOUSEHOLD IN OLD NEW YORK.





*Dec 1885*

THE BODLEY  
GRANDCHILDREN  
AND THEIR  
JOURNEY IN HOLLAND

BY  
HORACE E. SCUDDER  
AUTHOR OF THE BODLEY BOOKS



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
New York : 11 East Seventeenth Street  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge  
1882

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Dec 1.53

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# THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN

AND THEIR

JOURNEY IN HOLLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE BODLEYS AND THE VAN WYCKS.

ONE afternoon in February, 1881, a carriage loaded with trunks drove up to the door of a house in Second Avenue, New York. There were two houses, in fact, side by side, and their doors being next each other, it was hard to say before which door the carriage stopped. Moreover, both the doors opened at the same moment, and in each doorway stood a child of the same age, — yes, born on the same day of the same year, and this was their birthday. The chief difference between them was that one was a boy and the other a girl, and they had different names.

But they had the same grandparents and the same aunt, and it was these who got out of the carriage, and came up the broad flight of steps which led to the doors of the two houses. The steps were wet with a recent snow, and as the children wore their slippers, they waited at the two thresholds, but their tongues rattled on.

"This way, Grandfather," said the boy. "You're to come to our house first, you know."

"I choose Grandmother," said the girl triumphantly. "She's on my side."

"Is Aunt Lucy to be divided?" asked that lady, as she came up behind the old people, with her hands full of bags and umbrellas.

"Yes; you can stand in the middle doorway, Lucy," said a voice within.

"Oh, Nathan, are you there?" she cried, and, choosing the boy's door at once, she ran into the house. "What a beard you have grown!" she exclaimed, as she gave his whiskers an affectionate tweak. "Now, where are we all to stay?"

"You are to stay with us, of course, — with the two P.'s;" and now there came forward two people from the other house, but they did not need to go out-of-doors. The wall had been pierced, and a broad doorway, called the Middle Doorway by the two families, gave a passage back and forth close by the outer hall doors. Here, about this middle doorway, were gathered all the members of these two families and their three guests, while the coachman was bringing up trunks and bags. The children were jumping up and down, and it was quite impossible to hear everything that was said by everybody. There was such a clatter and laughter that if a showman had been present he would have had to raise his voice, and say, —

"This elderly gentleman is Mr. Charles Bodley, of Roseland, Roxbury, Massachusetts, who has come with his wife, Madam Sarah Bodley, and his daughter, Miss Lucy Bodley, to make a visit at the houses of his two children.

"These are the houses of Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mr. Philip Van

Price \$1.50

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to play over, to say nothing of Long's woods and May's woods, and



Climbing a Pyramid in Egypt.

all the country towards Dorchester. It makes me sigh when I go

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to play over, to say nothing of Long's woods and May's woods, and



Climbing a Pyramid in Egypt.

all the country towards Dorchester. It makes me sigh when I go

back and see all the historic places built over : the Grove, where we played Indian ; and the Gorge, and the Hollow, and Paul Bodley's Pasture, where we had our mammoth map of the United States ; and P. B.'s old tomb, and all the other hallowed spots. What would I not have given last summer to have shown Samson's Nut Cracker to the children ! I used to think it one of the largest known rocks."

"Yes," said his sister. "I had a secret grievance, which I believe I never told before, that it was not down in the geography as smaller than the smallest pyramid."

"That explains it," said Mr. Van Wyck. "When we were dragged up the pyramid, Phippy protested to her Arab guide that she should not need much help, as she had climbed Samson's Nut Cracker. I thought it one of her jokes at the time."

"Well," said Miss Lucy Bodley, with a little sigh, "I am glad we have got to the end of our sales. The taxes made us sell, I know ; but I suppose we shall be allowed to keep the old house. When I am the last of the Bodleys, I hope to see it turned into an Old Lady's Home, and end my days in it. What a rage there is for selling ! Little Tommy Tobey — You remember our neighbors the Tobeyes, Nathan ?"

"To be sure."

"Tommy is John Tobey's little boy, and he went to his mother the other day, and said with an injured air, 'Mother, I wish we could have a stick and a board in our garden, with Forsale or Tolet on it ; all the boys have those sticks in their yards.'"

"The changes are nothing in Roxbury to what they are in New York," said Grandmother Bodley. "You know I was born here, and lived here as a child."



"And played with bits of crockery on the steps of the North Dutch Church," broke in Nathan; "that is the very earliest fragment of a story which I remember. When I came to hear about the Dutch in New York, I had a vague notion that you knew them, or remains of them."

"Oh, we're the only genuine Dutch, Nathan, — Philip and I; we are Van Wycks. You are a New England Winthropian Puritan," said Mrs. Phippy.



Peter Stuyvesant.

"As if Blandina" — began Nathan.

"You are quarreling again!" said Sarah, who was well used to the little family tiffs on the subject of their ancestry. "Grandmother, tell them to stop. As if Uncle Nathan and Charles were Dutch!"

"We seem to have inherited the historic quarrel," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Phippy represents the English that fell into Dutch ways when New Amsterdam became New York, but Nathan and his boy remain sturdy Yankees. They never will be Knickerbockers. The

children had a scandalous discussion in front of their ancestor Peter Stuyvesant's tomb the other day."

"Your ancestor, Sarah," said Charles Bodley in an undertone. "He wrote a villainous hand."

"He was a governor," said Sarah stoutly, "and could write as he chose."

"Well, was n't John Winthrop, my ancestor, a governor, too?"

"A stumpy little man," said Sarah. "I've seen his statue in Scollay Square, in Boston."

"That is n't a good statue," said Charles, thrown on the defensive.

"Come, come," said Charles's mother. "Let your remote ancestors alone, and pay more attention to your grandfather and grandmother."

"I believe this part of New York was in Peter Stuyvesant's farm, was it not, Philip?" asked Grandfather Bodley.

"Yes; it is not many years since there stood at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue an old pear-tree, which the governor brought over from Holland and planted on his farm. This seal which I wear is made out of a bit of the wood. When the old tree fell, a shoot was planted within the railing which had



Stuyvesant's Pear-Tree.

inclosed the old tree. Our house is on his farm, which lay between the Bowery and East River, and from about Eighth to Sixteenth streets, I think. He was buried in the church on his farm, which used to stand where St. Mark's now is; and when St. Mark's was built, the tomb was put in order and the original tablet set in the outer wall."

"But did the Governor of New Amsterdam live so far away from the town?" asked Grandfather. "I always supposed that



in the Dutch times, and for a long while afterward, the town was crowded about the Battery."

"To be sure," said Grandmother. "Why, when I was a child, here, I lived in Cedar Street, and we made excursions into the country to

pick wild strawberries where Union Square now is."

"It was Governor Stuyvesant's farm," explained Mr. Van Wyck, "that occupied this part, and he retired to it when he was no longer governor. The governor's house was within the quadrangular inclosure which was the fort, and stood on that part of the island which made the point where North River began. Within the fort inclosure were the house and church and a warehouse, while the settlement was at first chiefly under the walls of the fort. To be more exact, the fort, which was first called Fort Amsterdam,

and afterward by the English Fort James, was bounded by what now are Bridge, Whitehall, and State streets and the Bowling Green. I have a copy of an old map which gives a view of New Amsterdam as it was seen from the harbor by persons who came there in 1656. I'll get it."



Inside of Fort, with Governor's House and Church.

So saying, Mr. Van Wyck went through the middle door into his own house. But just as he went, the outer-door bell rang, and presently in came a gentleman, who was received with delight by the children, who called him Cousin Ned. The older people called him Ned, though Aunt Lucy sometimes dubbed him Professor. He was a professor in college, a professor of American history and literature, and was set down in the catalogue as Professor Edward G. Adams. Years before, when Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Van Wyck and Miss Lucy Bodley had been plain Nathan and Phippy and Lucy, Professor Adams had been Cousin Ned to them, and had spent his vacations at his Uncle Charles's in Roxbury, for he was then in college. He was in college still, but as professor, not as student. He was not married, and he wore spectacles. The spectacles, indeed, made nearly all the difference in his appearance between those days and these.

"You have come just in time, Ned," said Mr. Van Wyck. "You can fill out what is wanting in my historical knowledge. We have been talking of Dutch New York,—New Amsterdam that is,—and I have just brought the children the picture in the corner of Visscher's map." He spread the map open, and they looked at the picture.

“The Dutch don’t seem to be giving a very cordial welcome to visitors,” said Cousin Ned. “The gallows appears to stand near the landing place, and to be occupied just now. Should n’t you say that was where the South Ferry now is, Philip?”

“Yes, making all allowances for changes in the water front. The building of piers and docks made it necessary to fill in the shore, and of course it is much broader now at the foot of the city than it then was.”



View of New Amsterdam in 1656.

“What is that tall pole for, near the gallows?” asked Sarah.

“Why, of course, that is a beacon,” said Charles. “We had one in Boston, with a tar barrel hung from it. There’s a picture of it in a book I have.”

“Then we had our beacon first,” said Sarah triumphantly, “for your book says they used it in Boston when they had the trouble with Andros, but this picture was made in 1656.”

Charles looked a little blank, and turned to his father and to Cousin Ned.

“Well, any way” — he began.

“They put up the first beacon in Boston in 1635,” said Cousin Ned.

"There, now," said Charles.

"But we don't know when the first beacon was put up in New York," said Mr. Van Wyck, coming to Sarah's rescue. "It may have been put up in 1626, when the fort began to be built, after the West India Company had bought Manhattan Island of the Indians."

"And paid the mighty sum of about twenty-four dollars," said Cousin Ned.

"Well, they bought it, at any rate," said Sarah. "They did n't steal it."

"Well said, Sarah," said her father. "Don't you mind Cousin Ned and Charles, as long as your ancestors treated the Indians fairly. But come, I want to make out the rest of the picture. I don't suppose it is necessarily exact in all its parts, but that is the fort, plainly, with the flag-staff in it, and the large buildings."

"And the windmill," added Charles.

"The windmill, I think, was outside the fort, nearer the North River, about the foot of Battery Place."

"What is that high ground to the right?" asked Charles's father.

"I think that must be what used to be known as the Verlettenberg, Nathan, — a group of low hills between Broadway and the East River. There was a marshy place below the hills."



Old House in New York, built in 1668.

"The houses don't look like the old Boston houses," said Charles.

"No ; when people come to a new country, and can put up anything better than temporary booths, they are pretty sure to follow the style of the houses in their old homes. The Dutch began very soon to build houses of brick and stone, like those in Amsterdam or Haarlem, with stepped roofs, and weather-cocks at the peak, and stoops at the entrance. They were so used to Dutch ways, in fact, that they began to make canals, though the country was not flat like Holland ; and they built a Town Hall, or Stadt Huys, which stood on Pearl Street, then a road running along the bank of the East River."

"It was used for an inn first, I believe," said Cousin Ned, "and stood at the corner of Pearl Street and Coenties Slip."



The Stadt Huys.

"Yes ; but it was improved when it was turned into a town hall. I believe the cupola was put on then. An inn was really one of the first necessities, for there were a good many visitors to New Amsterdam, who came to see the country, and to stay or to come again if they thought they should like it. Two of these travelers, who came over in 1679 to New York, made sketches of the country,

which have been preserved. They speak of visiting a farm near Wall and Pearl streets."

“Why did they call it Wall Street?” asked Sarah. “Was there a wall there?”

“Yes; for a long while the town of New Amsterdam lay below Wall Street, and there they had a palisade for protection, and that



View of New York from the North, 1679.

is the way the street got its name. By little and little, as there was less fear of the Indians, the town began to stray away from the protection of the fort and the palisades. At first the houses and farms were near Wall Street, but before the end of the century the island was dotted with houses. It is pretty hard to get rid of streets and houses now in our imagination, and to think of a deep pond where the Tombs prison stands; to remember that Maiden Lane was a valley road, and that the ground



Dutch Costumes.



covered by the City Hall and its park was a common. I do not know, though, that it is much less difficult to imagine the slow-moving old Dutchmen and Dutchwomen who built comfortable houses, and tried to live on the edge of the wilderness, as they did in the flat Holland towns. They set up weather-cocks over their houses, and planted tulips and hyacinths in their gardens, and filled their fire-places with Scripture tiles, before which the old Dutchman sat with his long clay pipe."



A Dutchman with  
his Pipe.

"I don't see why my ancestors are spoken of as if they were always smoking," said Sarah, with an injured air. "People talk about the Dutch as if they came over here just to smoke long pipes. I am sure old Governor Stuyvesant was a lively man."

"That he was, Sarah," said Cousin Ned. "Did you ever hear how he once tore a letter to pieces, and had to patch it together again?"

"No."

"It was at the time when New Amsterdam passed into the hands of the English, and became New York. Peter Stuyvesant was governor of the colony, and held his commission from the West India Company of Holland, who had established the post. He was a brave man and a stout Dutchman, who believed in his country, and had no mind to let the English get possession of the colony. But the English had occupied New England on the north and Virginia and Maryland on the south, and their colonies were growing more populous every year. The Connecticut people began to crowd the Dutch, and to claim Long Island as belonging to them. The West India Company, meanwhile, was growing poorer in Holland, and less able to look after their American possessions. The English

king, Charles II., made a present of the Dutch colony to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany ” —

“ But how could he ? ” interrupted Charles. “ What right had he ? ”

“ That ’ s just what I would like to know,” said Sarah. “ Those English ! ”

“ It certainly did not show much regard for Dutch rights ; but I suppose that if the king of England wished to find a reason which would sound well, he could claim the coast by virtue of some discovery or exploration. There was a great deal of confusion about the title of different governments to the coast of North America. In point of fact, the people who occupied the several portions were the successful owners, provided they could have the support of their government at home ; the Dutch settlers in New Netherland were not very strongly upheld by Holland, and they were looked upon, also, as members of a trading company that had not much to do with the real patriotic life of Holland. At any rate, Charles II. liked to give presents, and he gave a large piece of North America, including the land occupied by the Dutch, to his brother. The Duke fitted out an expedition under command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, and sent it to New England, with instructions to take possession of New Netherland. Stuyvesant heard that the fleet was at Boston, and he feared there was to be a movement against New Amsterdam ; but just at that time letters came from the West India Company in Holland, saying that the English fleet was going over to carry out certain plans in New England, — that the Dutch had nothing to fear.

“ So it happened that the fleet was on its way from Boston to New Amsterdam when Governor Stuyvesant was at Fort Orange, as Albany was then called. He was sent for in haste, and came

back at once, but only three days before the fleet was at anchor just below the Narrows on the Long Island side. He began instantly to make ready for defense ; he sent for troops in every direction, set up more guns, and tried to strengthen the fort. But he was almost the only man who believed in fighting. Most of the Dutch were merchants and farmers, who were not very ardently attached to Holland. They wanted to be let alone and left to their business ; and, besides, they may easily have seen that it would be no hard matter for a fleet to batter down their slight defenses. So, when a message came from Colonel Nicolls, calling on the town to surrender, and promising protection of life and property to all who submitted, Stuyvesant tried at first to keep the news from the people, for fear they would at once yield. When he finally consented to give up the dispatches, there came another letter, with still more favorable terms. Everything was to go on as before : they could trade with Holland in their own vessels ; Dutchmen could come and go ; the only difference would be that they would be subjects of England, instead of a colony under a trading corporation, and really most of the people would prefer that.

“The letter came to the council, and was read. Most of the council were in favor at once of giving the contents to the people. Stuyvesant was furious, and at length, as they fell to quarreling over the matter, he took the letter and tore it in pieces before the angry council. But the letter had been read, and he could not tear up people’s memories. Everybody turned upon him. The few who had worked on the fortifications left them, and a mob crowded about the Stadt Huys. They called for the governor. They declared it was madness to resist the English ; they would see the letter ; and at length they made such a pother that the governor’s

secretary was obliged to pick up the pieces and patch them together, and give the letter over to the councilors."



Stuyvesant and the English Letter.

"And did they surrender?"

"Yes. I was going to say all but Stuyvesant and his wooden leg. The governor wrote a long and urgent answer to the letter. He showed that the English had no right to the country; but that

made little difference to the Duke's officer, who had a fleet of vessels, and could capture the town without the least difficulty. Finally, Governor Stuyvesant stood on the walls of the fort, ready to fire at the vessels which were sailing up the harbor. He did not give the order to fire. He was a brave man, and was ready to die, if need be, in defense of the town, but scarcely another soul was with him, and all the leading men, including the ministers, begged him not to throw away life; for if he had once fired, the ships would have returned the fire, and then they would have had to surrender after all. He tried to gain time; he held out to the very last; but it really seemed as if he were the only man in the whole town who had resolution and bravery. If the town had been full of Stuyvesants, the end might have been different."

"Hurra for my great ancestor!" said Sarah.

"Well, he was mine, too," said Charles. "I've no objection to hurrahing for a brave ancestor, if he was a Dutchman."

"And so the English took New Netherland," said Mr. Bodley.

"And New Amsterdam became New York," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Fort Orange became Albany, and though the Dutch nine years afterward recovered possession, it was only for a short time. The English remained in power, but the old Dutch names and customs and habits remained fixed. We have not got over our Dutch ways yet."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Nathan Bodley. "Why, we have something of the Dutch language left, even. I have heard market women, who came from the Dutch farms about Tappan-see, talking Dutch with each other as they traveled to town; and the story goes that old Madam Blandina Dudley, who founded the Dudley Observatory, had a long conversation in Dutch with a savant from

Holland, who said it was excellent Dutch, but not such as he had heard in Holland since the seventeenth century, when Madam Blandina's ancestors came over."

"What I should like to know," said Sarah, "is, why the Dutch ever gave up to the English."

"You never would have, if you had been there," said Charles.

"It would take a whole history of Holland to tell you," said Cousin Ned.

"She would n't be persuaded then that it was right," persisted Charles.

"Well, if you were Dutch instead of English" — Sarah began again.

"Just hear those children," said Grandmother Bodley. "Phippy, Blandina, have you taken pains to make separate nations of Sarah and Charles?"

"They're good Americans at bottom, mother," said Nathan Bodley; "but I think that some of the history which was worked into us when we were young must be coming out of them. Why, mother, have you forgotten how we used to be Puritans and Pilgrims, and get up tableaux of colonial scenes?"

"Or, best of all," said Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck, "what lovely little journeys we took in search of the historically picturesque! I often amuse Sarah, and Charles too, by telling them of the drive we took along the Essex shore to Aunt Lucy's, at Newburyport."

"We call the journey the Bodleys on Wheels," said Charles. "Cousin Ned went on horseback; but he was an Adams. He ought to have gone on a bicycle, and then he would have been on wheels, too."

"That was before the days of bicycles," said Cousin Ned. "It

was thirty years ago, or more. But your father and I once took a walk, on foot, from Roxbury to New Haven."

"Oh, I know all about that. Father has told me. We call that the Bodleys Afoot. You had to come home because grandfather was going abroad. Father, I wish we could go abroad, and pick up history as we travel."

"You may go up-stairs instead," said Charles's mother, "and travel to the land of Nod. That is the best country I know of for young people at eight o'clock in the evening."

"Yes; I remember one of your old sayings, Lucy," said Nathan Bodley, — "that you thought every hour wasted that was not spent in sleep."

"I've not quite got over my love of sleep yet, Nathan," said Aunt Lucy, as the children, who had said good-night all round, were going out of the room.

"Stop!" said Cousin Ned, suddenly. "Make your manners, children." And Charles and Sarah, facing the company, gravely saluted them from the doorway: Charles with a low bow, and Sarah with a ducking courtesy.

"How that brings back old times!" said Mrs. Bodley, with a half sigh. "You children used to make your manners when you were little."

"I taught these chicks," said Cousin Ned, proudly. "Nathan and Phippy had forgotten; but when I was a student, and visited your house in vacations, Aunt Sarah, I used to see the children go through this little form; and as it is about the earliest piece of manners and customs I remember, I am trying to make a tradition of it."

Meanwhile Charles and Sarah were parting at the middle door.

"Charles," said Sarah, "sure 's you 're alive, we 're going. Did you see the look my mother gave your father when you said that about going abroad?"

"Yes, I did," said he, "and that 's the reason I hurried off. I should have burst if I could n't have come out here to let it off. I said that squarely, so as to see how father would take it. I just know we 're going." They heard the door shut carefully behind them.

"Father," said Nathan Bodley, "that little rascal has been over-hearing something, I suspect. The fact is, we 've decided to go abroad this coming summer, — all six of us. The children are old enough to learn a good deal, and what they see now I think they will remember. I am sure I got my first ideas of American history from what you used to show us in our walks and drives. We have done something with our children in New York and Boston, but we fancy we could do more still on a trip in Europe."

"Do you mean, Nathan," said Madam Bodley, "that you will teach them European history by showing them European countries, just as you have taught them American history by traveling with them here to historic sites?"

"Not exactly, mother. Philip and Phippy, and Blandina and I, have often talked it over, and see it in this way. The children are American children, and their first interest is in this country. But they never can be the best Americans until they know something about Europe, especially about those countries in Europe which have had so much to do with American history. They have read and studied the history of the United States so much that I am very sure if we were traveling in Spain, or Holland, or England, they would be all the while noticing places which were connected with the early discoverers or with the colonists."



"That is to say," said Ned, taking up the parable, "for American children, Europe has its chief interest as the country from which their ancestors came, and they would like to trace back the footsteps of those ancestors."

"Exactly," said Nathan Bodley. "America is no longer a colony of Europe, and for America the centre of things is in America. It used to be a grievance of mine, when I was a boy, to find longitude marked as east and west from Greenwich instead of Washington. You made good Americans of us, father, and we want to help the children along on the same line. There are a great many more books written for young people in America, by Americans, than when I was a boy, and I am glad of it. Americans have a different way of thinking from what the English have, and it is right that we should have American books about England, and American histories of what took place in Europe before our ancestors came here. We cannot help seeing things abroad with different eyes from what the people themselves do, because we carry different notions with us."

"Nathan read aloud, one winter, a book about Greater Britain," said Mrs. Bodley, "and that was about English speaking and thinking people everywhere. I suppose it is something like that when we travel in Europe to find the beginnings of America."

"Blandina," said Cousin Ned, "you would make a reputation suggesting good things to other people. When I get time, I mean to write a book about Earlier America; and I shall not find it in Indian mounds, but in German village communities, and English families, and such like places."

"We have not told the children yet," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but it will be queer if they don't suspect what we are intending, after the severe course in Motley, and Philip Van Artevelde, and so forth, that we are giving them."

"Then you are going to Holland first?"

"We are going to make a little more than a year of it. Probably we shall go to Switzerland for the earlier part of the summer, and end with Holland for a special business, returning to England in the fall."

"I wish we could all go," said Grandfather, "but we can't. Some of us must stay at home to hear about it."

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE.

It was not until the 10th of June that the plans of the Bodley and Van Wyck families began to be carried out. On that day, Professor Edward G. Adams stood on the pier on North River from which the steamship sailed which was to bear across the Atlantic the little party of American travelers. He was not going with them himself, though he hoped to join them later. To tell the truth, Professor Ned could have gone this day as well as not, and he was secretly sorry he had not chosen to go then; but he was one of those people who dislike to be bound by plans, especially other people's plans, and no one ever could find out when he was going or where he was going. He was, in fact, an old bachelor, and after that, what can one say? For old bachelors always have their own ways, and their ways are very apt to be secret ones. As the steamship was worked away from the pier, he called out,—

"Nathan, you must let me hear from you soon. I may run across in the course of the summer, and shall want to find you and Phippy without advertising for you."

To this Charles Bodley, who was standing by his father's side, answered, —

“ All right, Cousin Ned. I'll write.”

“ Bless my soul ! ” said a voice close by Charles, and the second officer of the steamship laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, turned him about, and then lifted his chin. “ Look here ! ” said the officer. “ Is your name Nathan Bodley ? ”

“ No, sir,” said Charles, taken suddenly aback, and thinking for a moment he might have broken one of the ship's rules, which required every one to answer to his own name only, “ but my father's is.”

At that the officer turned about, and Charles's father also turned toward him.

“ Well, I never ! If this is n't Nathan Bodley ! ”

“ Hen, as I'm alive ! Phippy ! ” and Mrs. Van Wyck turned also, and was equally astonished.

“ How in the world did you come here, Hen ? Philip ! ”

Then Mr. Van Wyck came forward.

“ This is my husband, Hen, — Mr. Van Wyck. Philip, this is, — Dear me ! ” and Mrs. Van Wyck looked in a puzzled way at her brother. “ Nathan, I do verily believe that I never heard Hen's last name. Do forgive me, Mr. Officer.”

“ All the same,” said the officer, winking at Nathan, and moving off just then to give some orders.

“ Who is it, mamma ? ” asked Sarah Van Wyck.

“ It is perfectly extraordinary,” said Sarah's mother. “ Ned ! ” she cried, catching sight of her cousin, who was still on the dock, “ Did you see ? Here is our old Hen, one of the officers. Just think of it ! ”

Ned, who had been watching the group, and trying to make out what it all meant, now threw up his hands in unfeigned astonishment, and looked eagerly about for the officer, who was not to be seen, however. The steamer was rapidly leaving the dock, and the professor could express his different emotions only by various styles of waving his handkerchief.

"But who is Hen?" persisted Sarah. "Not the Hen who used to be" —

"The very same Hen, Sarah," said her mother. "You have heard me tell stories of what your Uncle Nathan and Aunt Lucy and I used to do when we were children; of how Martin, your grandfather's man-of-all-work, helped take care of us, and had a brother named Hen, who was the most wonderful fellow, we thought, that ever lived. There was nothing he had n't seen, and no place where he had n't been, and he had always gone a little farther and seen a little more than any one else. I had completely lost sight of him. I really believe it is twenty-five years since I have heard anything about him. Martin left us, because he was to be married and to go West, and Hen has not been near us since. Just to think of his turning up here! It's like a story-book!"

At this moment Mr. Nathan Bodley came back, bringing with him the newly discovered Hen.

"Phippy," he said, making a low bow, "permit me to introduce to you our old friend, Mr. Henry Umbelow, now second officer of the Algeria."

"Your humble servant," added Mr. Umbelow, giving a little duck forward.

"Mrs. Philip Van Wyck," continued Mr. Nathan Bodley, in explanation to Mr. Umbelow.

"And this is Phippy, is it?" asked the officer, laying his hand on Sarah's shoulder.

"Her name is Sarah," said her mother, smiling. "Named after my mother, Hen, — excuse me, Mr. Umbelow."

"And where's Lucy?"

"Lucy's at home in Roxbury."

"And she has n't got a little Lucy, or Julia, or what not?"

"No; she's not married."

"T is n't just the same thing," said Mr. Umbelow, shaking his head. "What between the little Bodleys I used to know and these here Van Wycks and things, — begging your pardon, ma'am, — I'm getting a little confused. However, it'll all come out right, I suppose. And you say there is n't but one Lucy?"

"That is all."

"I think if I could see Lucy, now, I'd be clear. She has n't grown much, has she?"

"She's rather small still."

"I thought so. Now, if I shut one eye, Mrs. —, Mrs. Van" —

"Oh, do call me Phippy, Mr. Umbelow."

"Give me your hand, Phippy," said the officer fervently. "That does me good. Now, if you'll call me Hen again, I think I can get my bearings. And as for these young ones," and he whispered loudly, "I don't mind their calling me Mr. Umbelow when any of the men are about; but right here, why," and he raised his voice again, "call me Hen, too, my chickens." With that he darted off again on some errand he had suddenly thought of.

"How in the world our easy-going Hen rose to the place of second officer is a mystery to me," said Mr. Nathan Bodley; "and, by the way he flies off, I rather think he has to remind himself of it occasionally."

It was afternoon when the *Algeria* left the pier, and the water was so quiet that the whole party were bravely certain that they should have no trouble from sea-sickness.

"We're setting out on a voyage to discover Europe," said Charles. "We've heard of a distant continent, and we intend to take possession of a part of it in the name of the President of the United States."

"Yes," said Sarah; "and if we like it, we may decide to plant a colony there. How queer it must have seemed to our ancestors to come over here, and be all in the dark as to what they should find! Now we can read all about Holland and England, but they could not read anything about America,—I mean the first who came over."

"And to go feeling their way up Hudson River, to see if they could n't get to China!" said Charles, with some contempt in his voice.

"You must not say anything against Hendrick Hudson," retorted Sarah.

"He was Henry Hudson," said Charles. "The Dutch borrowed him of the English; for he was an Englishman, and they tried to turn him into a Dutchman by changing his name."

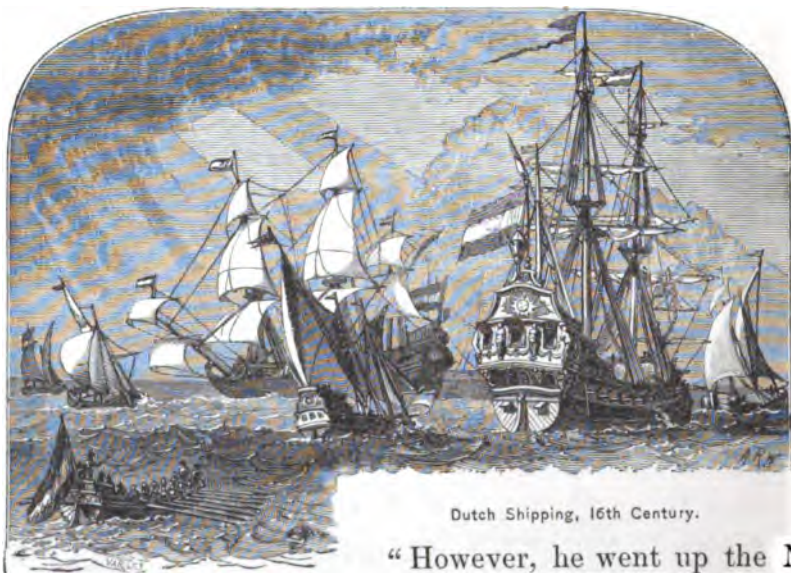
"Was he an Englishman, father?" asked Sarah.

"Yes. The great captains of those days sailed for the governments and companies which could employ them, and they were all eager to find a passage to the East, either by going to the north-east or by going to the northwest. They were quite as daring with their small ships in trying the polar seas as we are to-day. Hudson had sailed for an English company, and had learned a good deal



Henry Hudson.

about the northern seas, when he was invited by the Dutch East India Company to make a voyage for them. His instructions were to search for a passage around by the north and east sides of Nova Zembla; but it is said that he was himself pretty confident that the northeastern passage was not practicable, and that the quickest route from Holland to India was by the northwest.

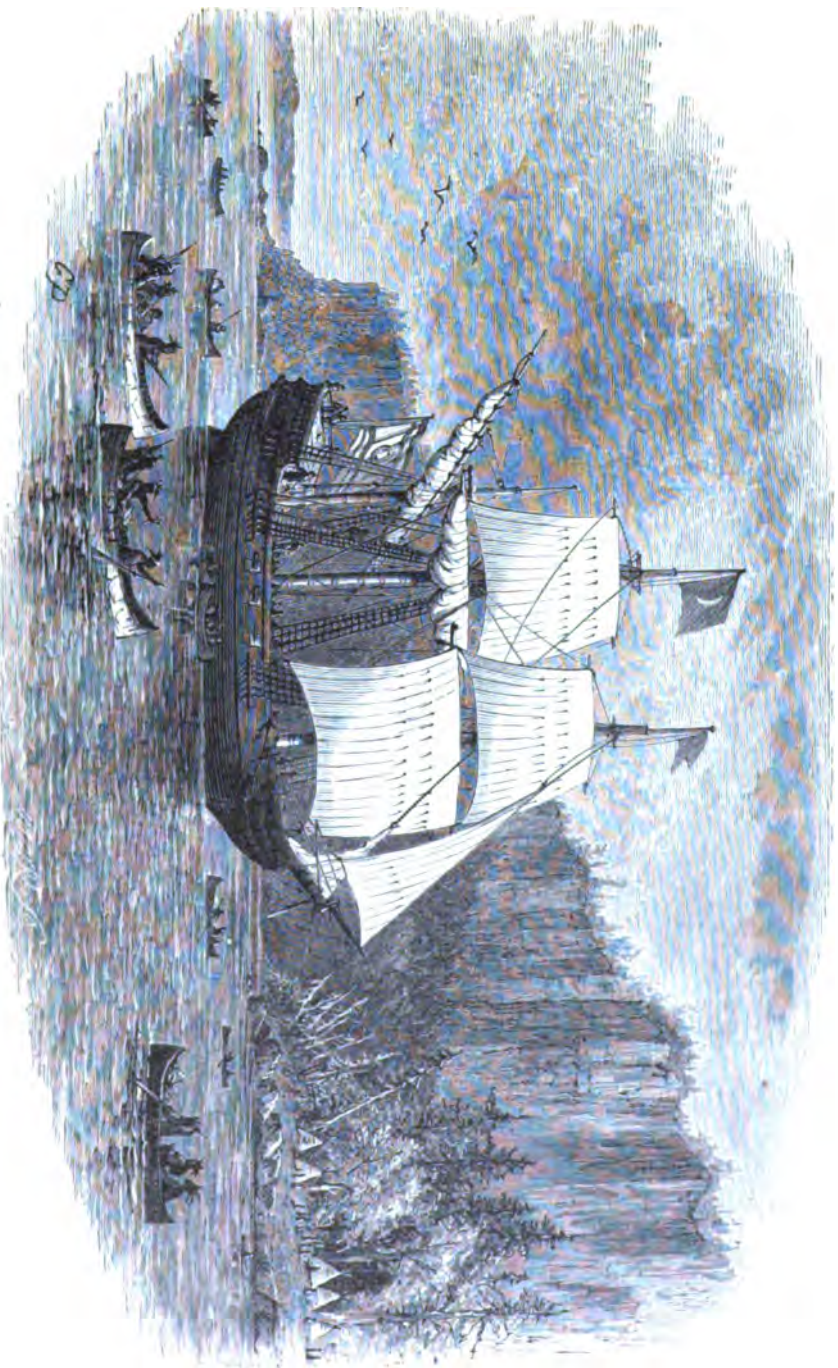


Dutch Shipping, 16th Century.

“However, he went up the North Sea and round the North Cape of Norway” —

“That’s where we are going some day,” said Charles.

“Perhaps you will have to turn back, as Hudson did,” said his Uncle Philip. “He found the sea so full of ice, on the way to Nova Zembla, that he could not get through, and, as his crew were very reluctant to keep on, he gave them the choice of two courses; either to turn about and try the extreme northwest passage, or to sail farther south on the coast of North America, and look for a passage which he believed to exist north of the English colonies.”



HENRY HUDSON SAILING UP THE RIVER IN THE HALF-MOON.





"I don't believe the crew hesitated long," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Nor I. When people are nearly frozen in the ice, and their officer gives them a choice between a northern and southern voyage, they are not likely to hesitate long. At any rate, Hudson turned back, and in about six weeks came to the banks of Newfoundland. I don't quite understand his plans in cruising along the coast; he went as far south as the Chesapeake, and then turned north again; and on the 3d of September, 1609, anchored in this broad bay in which we are."

"And then he saw the Hudson River," said Charles.

"Yes; they could make out the river in the distance, just as we can now; but instead of those towers and spires and masts and multitudes of houses" —

"And the Brooklyn Bridge," put in Sarah.

"And the Brooklyn Bridge, they saw wooded, wild, and rocky shores, and got into trouble with the Indians; for the sailors on Hudson's vessel, the Half-Moon, were a rough set, and were constantly provoking the natives."

"Dutch people are provoking," said Charles slyly.

"They sailed up the river as far as they could go, and then sent out boats to explore, which went as far as where the village of Half-Moon now is, and reported that the river was growing shallow and narrow; and so Hudson turned back, sailed down the river, and shortly after recrossed the Atlantic to England."

"Did he not go back to Holland?" asked Sarah.

"No. The English would not let him go. They thought he was too valuable a man, and kept him to sail for English companies. But he sent his report to Amsterdam, and the news of this great river of the mountains, as it was at first called, set people agog, and very

soon Dutch vessels were sailing up the river, and opening a trade in fur with the Indians."

"Philip," asked his wife, "was it this same Hudson from whom Hudson's Bay was named?"

"The very same. He sailed the next year into the northwest, discovered the great bay which bears his name, and died there."

"How glad they must have been to get into quiet water!" said Charles, with great gravity, and with a steady look toward the ocean they were sailing into.

"Don't you like this pitch and toss?" asked his Uncle Philip, with a laugh. "Come, take a walk with me. We'll go and find your father, who is talking with the old Hen."

"I think I'd rather go down-stairs," said Charles, faintly.

"Go below, Charles; not down-stairs. You must learn to talk in sailor fashion."

"And the landsmen are lying down below, below, below,"

sang Sarah encouragingly. Charles smiled, but it was a difficult smile.

"You'll find your mother getting your berth ready, Charles," his uncle called out, as the boy staggered toward the companion-way. "Come, Phippy, come, Sarah, just take my arms, one apiece, and we'll have a walk before supper. Here we go, up hill," and they marched up the rising deck. The wind was blowing freshly, and the sea came in great rolls, which made the Algeria rise and fall, as it steamed along.

"What! are you going below, too?" asked Uncle Philip, after a few turns. Yes; Sarah and her mother were both in a hurry to go below, and so it happened that Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mr. Philip Van Wyck were the only ones of the party who stayed above until supper-time, and who came on deck after supper.

But after two or three days both Charles and Sarah and their mothers were very well, and in excellent spirits, and the children made the most of the novelties of the voyage. Charles, to be sure, was a little bit concerned now and then about their safety. Some Mother Carey chickens were flying about the steamer's course, and Hen showed them to him.

"But, Mr. Umbelow," said he, "does n't that mean that there is a storm brewing?"

"Well, Charles," said the officer, planting himself, and looking wisely all about the horizon, "if it comes, there 'll be room enough for us. I don't see any land to knock against."

"But, Hen," added Charles, in a lower tone, "don't you think the ship tips a good deal, now the sails are set? Is n't there danger lest the wind should suddenly rise, and blow great guns, and blow the ship over? That happens to small boats sometimes."

"That 's so, Charles, and that 's why I walk up and down here, and keep cocking my eye up at the yards. I don't mean to have you blown over. I 've known your papa too long. Why, I knew him when he was no taller than you are. He and I built a railroad once."

"A railroad!"

"To be sure. Let me see; it was the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad, and ran all the way across your grandfather's barn floor and under the haymow."

"Oh, that kind!"

"Have you seen our cattle, Charles?"

"I 've smelt them," said the boy.

"To be sure. They do have a sort of land breeze. We 've got a hundred and eighteen head of cattle on board, that we 're taking

to London. I'll show them to you some day." And one day the party did all go into the hold, under Hen's lead, and took a peep at some of the bulls and steers that were going over to England to be slaughtered.

There were bright days, when the water danced in the light as if it were on a mad frolic, and dull days, when under a leaden sky the ocean looked as thick, and seemed to move as sluggishly, as lava. There were foggy days, and once the fog lifted, and they saw a brig in full sail, dipping away from them, a beautiful object ; then she entered the mist again, and faded into a phantom, and was lost to view.

"It is the Flying Dutchman," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember Scott's lines? —

" ' That Phantom Ship, whose form  
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;  
When the dark scud comes driving hard,  
And lower'd is every topsail yard,  
And canvas wove in earthly looms  
No more to brave the storm presumes !  
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky  
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,  
Full spread and crowded every sail.  
The Demon Frigate braves the gale;  
And well the doom'd spectators know  
The harbinger of wreck and woe.' "

"You've seen the Flying Dutchman, have n't you, Hen?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"You want the children now should have a good eye-witness, don't you, Phippy?"

"Oh, certainly."

"All right. Well, now, Charles and Sarah, if you'd been with

me on a voyage I was making, — let me see, it was February 29, 1846, — you'd have seen the Flying Dutchman."

"But what is it, any way?" asked Charles. "Dutchmen don't generally fly."

"This one did. She's only seen round the Cape of Good Hope; so your mother must be mistaken about this one. She is n't often mistaken, Charles," and Hen made a little duck to Mrs. Bodley. "Beg your pardon, ma'am; I always maintain family discipline. Well, the Flying Dutchman, they do say, was a vessel once, built shortly after the year one, or thereabout, that was laden with gold and fancy goods, when the crew turned pirates, and murdered the captain and second officer, — just like me, you know; and then they all broke out with the plague, and they were so frightened that they tried to enter a port, and offered all the gold they had to be allowed to go ashore. But nobody would have them, and so they go, shoving about from one port to another, trying to land."

"Why, that's not the way I heard it," said Mrs. Bodley. "I used to hear that there was a Dutch captain who was bound home from the Indies, and was kept for weeks off the Cape of Good Hope by head winds and heavy weather. Finally, he got so angry that he said he would beat round the Cape of Good Hope if it took him till the day after never: and so he was taken at his word; he is always beating against head-winds; his sails are worn to shadows, and the ship is so thin that you can see through it. That is the way I heard it."

"It's the same ship, ma'am," said Hen. "Bring up the children to that. The crew made one of their number captain, — let me see, it was the first officer, I reckon; and after they could n't get into port, they went down to the Cape to begin all over again, and

they're beating about there yet. Almost any old sailor will tell you he's seen the Flying Dutchman. To-morrow, I guess you'll see the Scilly Isles, if you're up early enough."

"Let's turn right in now," said Charles. "I would n't miss seeing the Scilly Isles for anything." And as it was nearly nine o'clock, the children were ready enough to turn in.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE KING'S ROAD TO ENGLAND.

CHARLES BODLEY shared a state-room with his father and Uncle Philip, while Sarah Van Wyck was tucked into the state-room where her mother and Aunt Blandina were stowed. The state-rooms had a little passage between them, and it was easy to call back and forth without disturbing the other passengers. On Thursday morning, June 23d, Mr. Bodley, who occupied the upper berth, woke at four o'clock, and peeped out of his port-hole. There was nothing to see but water, and he fell back upon his pillow for another nap. He was roused by a sudden commotion in the room, and, opening his eyes, he saw Charles in great excitement tugging at a field-glass which hung in its case from a hook.

"Oh, father," he exclaimed, "you ought to get right up this minute! You can see the Scilly Islands; and Hen says we shall see the Lizards pretty soon. Hurry!"

"What time is it?"

"I don't know; somewhere about six, I guess. Sarah is up on deck, and mother and Aunt Blandina are coming. How can you sleep so! Uncle Phil! wake up!"

The two gentlemen found it was useless to try to sleep any longer, so they tumbled out of their berths and dressed, and soon the whole party were together on deck. There, before them, was the gleaming tower of Wolf light, on one of the Scilly Islands, and the land could be seen faintly looming up. Here and there were white sails, and far in the stern was the smoke of a steamer, which had been at about that distance for a week past.

"Is n't it good to see land again?" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Yes; and the very tip end of England, too," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Do you suppose we can see Land's End?"

"Not yet; but Hen says that we shall see it after breakfast, and come in sight of the Lizards before noon."

"I saw the sun rise this morning," said Sarah.

"Pooh, you were n't up here then," said Charles. "You did n't come up till I did."

"Oh, I saw it out of the port-hole. Mother woke me to see it, and I went to sleep again, for there was no land in sight. It was very queer, Charles. You've no idea how it looked. The sun just stuck to the water as if it were glued, and it was stretched till it looked like a balloon; and then all of a sudden it gave a bounce and was round, and you could see the sky between it and the water."

"I don't believe your eyes were more than half open to see all that," said Charles, incredulously.

"Really and truly I did. Did n't I, mamma?"

"To be sure. You must get up early, Charles, to see such wonderful sights. That is really the way the sun sometimes looks when it rises out of the water."

The children could hardly take their eyes off the land, so eager were they to see something on that low, rocky strip before them,



and, after a hasty breakfast, they were again on deck. Land's End looked desolate enough. A dull, rocky coast, with not a tree or a building, was all that they could at first make out.

"I see a castle!" suddenly cried Sarah, and she made everybody look hard at it.

"It's a penitentiary," said Charles. "It is n't a castle at all."

"I am half disposed to agree with Charles," said his uncle. "The neighboring country is just the place for a penitent to walk about in. At this distance it looks sufficiently joyless."

"I want to see people," said Mrs. Van Wyck; and since none could be made out at that distance, not even a Pirate of Penzance, though they looked in the direction of Penzance, she was forced to content herself with the people on deck, who were all in a most sociable mood. There was no rough water, and the very poorest sailors among the passengers were now courageously walking about, or sitting with wraps about them in steamer chairs.

The bluff where the Lizard lights stood was the first point which showed any signs of life. The lights were two towers, of very substantial appearance, in an inclosure containing other buildings, all surrounded by a white wall. Back of the lights, higher up the hill, was a little settlement, with trees, and other houses were in sheltered nooks here and there.

"We're in the chops of the Channel now," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, with a learned air, as he approached the little group.

"Nathan, you just learned that from Hen," said his sister.

"The very best authority, Phippy," he replied. "And now you can begin to see why I insisted that we should take a steamer to London instead of to Liverpool."

"It is a very picturesque route to go to Liverpool by the north of Ireland," said his wife.

"It is a patchwork counterpane," said Sarah.

"Yes," added her mother. "The brown plowed fields and the green grain fields are stitched together with stone walls."

On the horizon were flocks of fishing boats, hopping across the Channel, while steamers bound westward, or tawny luggers and brigantines, squaring sail for what little breeze there was, passed under their bows. As sunset came the land receded, forming the bay which extends from Brixmouth to the Bill of Portland, and disclosing the purple hills which rise behind Torquay. It was a bewitching scene: the water was as quiet as in a land-locked harbor; the golden light flooded the bay and the hills, and changed to lemon and yellow and green, followed in the western sky with a softness that turned the voyage into one of enchantment. Then the comet appeared in the sky, and they sat into the evening watching it, and yet turning their eyes quite as often to the lights on shore, toward which they drew nearer and nearer.

"Oh, must we go to bed?" exclaimed Sarah.

"If you don't go to bed, you won't have the pleasure of waking up," said her mother. And with that faint compensation the children turned in, taking a last peep at the shores of England through their port-holes.

The day had been so long and so full that all the party slept later than they intended, and were disappointed, when they came upon deck in the morning, just before breakfast, to find that they were off Brighton, but that there was so much of a haze they could see nothing of the town or the pier. By and by the haze lifted, and a warm, bright day set in.

"What good fortune this is!" said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Now, when I teased you all to come this way, I had a horrid fear that we

"That reminds me, father," said Charles. "Why did the Pilgrims name their settlement Plymouth? Did the Mayflower sail from this Plymouth?"

"The Mayflower and the Speedwell sailed from Southampton, behind the Isle of Wight, which I suppose we shall pass early to-morrow morning. They had brought the Pilgrims there from Holland, but they put in at Dartmouth afterward to repair damages, and then again they were obliged to make Plymouth harbor; and it was here that the Speedwell proved to be unseaworthy, and her passengers were transferred to the Mayflower. Plymouth was the last English port from which the Pilgrims sailed. One of the old writers gives that as a reason for the new Plymouth being so named. Others say that the Pilgrims had with them a map, made by Captain John Smith, who had explored the coast, and had given the name of Plymouth to this spot. The Plymouth Company was the name of one of the great English trading companies, which was concerned in the settlement of the northern coast, and thus the name Plymouth, which was so identified with colonization, would easily be a conspicuous one. As there is a little uncertainty about it all, I like best to believe that the Pilgrims named their new settlement Plymouth because Plymouth was the last English town which they had known."

The day wore away, and in the late afternoon the steamer came again near the coast, and passed not far from Start Point. There was a signal station there; one of those clean-looking, white piles of buildings, tucked in a crevice of the rocks, with brown and green hills behind, where occasional farm-houses nestled in nooks. Not a human being could they make out anywhere, but there was a lovely light upon the coast, and the sides of the hills were like patchwork.

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"What good fortune this is!" said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Now, when I teased you all to come this way, I had a horrid fear that we

might knock about the Channel in a fog for three or four days, as sometimes happens, and there would have been no fun in that."

"But what an uninhabited country this is," said his sister. "We have n't seen a soul on shore yet. There are people in these boats that pass us. Do you suppose they are all escaping from England?"

"Mamma," said Sarah, "don't you see that these are the natives, who push out to meet us, just as the Indians paddled out to meet our ancestors?"

"To be sure. They have better canoes, have n't they? Here comes one who is going to board us." It was the pilot, who came aboard shortly after they had passed Dungeness. As he came with his kit up the ladder, which hung over the side of the ship, one of the officers called out, —

"Eighteen hundred and twelve!"

"What's that for?" asked Charles.

"Any reference to the last war with England?" asked his mother, with a laugh.

"It's our tonnage, ma'am," said Hen, who was standing by them. The pilot went forward to the bridge and took his station, and his kit was carried to the wheel-house. The boat which brought him was towed alongside for a while, until his sail boat was near, when the rope was cast off. Pretty soon there was a bustle, and over went the gang-ladder again, and up came another pilot, with his kit.

"What an extraordinarily dangerous journey this must be!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Two pilots! But there goes the other!" and, sure enough, over the side went the first comer, with his kit after him.

"Number one had no business here," said Hen, who had walked

forward, and now was back again. "He was a fourteen-foot pilot, and is n't allowed to take us in."

"I should n't have said he was quite so tall," said Mrs. Van Wyck, demurely. Hen stared at her a moment, and then a broad grin spread over his face.

"You have n't changed a bit, Phippy, if you have grown up," said he, with admiration. "I'll explain to the children here. You see, Charles and Sarah, that first pilot's commission only gives him the right to take in vessels that draw fourteen feet, or less. He ought to have known better than to come aboard."

"But why did n't we take in one of those pilots that we saw before we came to Dungeness?" asked Charles.

"Oh, those were Dutch fellows; looking out for a chance to take Dutch ships to Rotterdam, may be."

"Do they come as far as this?"

"Oh, yes. I've met 'em off the Isle of Wight."

"You see they're not so slow," said Sarah.

"Slow!" said Hen. "'T an't many can get ahead of a Dutchman. He's always there," and he walked off.

"Where is he?" asked Charles, innocently. They passed under the Kentish chalk cliffs, and could look across the narrow strait, and catch a glimpse of the French coast.

"I don't see any one gathering samphire," said Mrs. Bodley, looking up at the cliff, near Dover.

"Why should you?" asked Sarah.

"Your aunt was thinking of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,'" said Sarah's father. "You have n't read the play, and so could not remember; but there is a scene where one man is leading another, who is blind, near the edge of that cliff up there. The blind man means to

leap over the edge, to rid himself of life ; his guide knows it, and so, instead of taking him to the real edge, he leads him to a little jumping-off place, and pretends he is leaning forward and looking over the cliff. 'Come on, sir,' he says : —

“ ‘Come on, sir; here’s the place : stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy ’t is, to cast one’s eyes so low !  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade !  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge  
That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes  
Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more ;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.’ ”

“ Well, did the blind man jump off ? ” asked Charles.

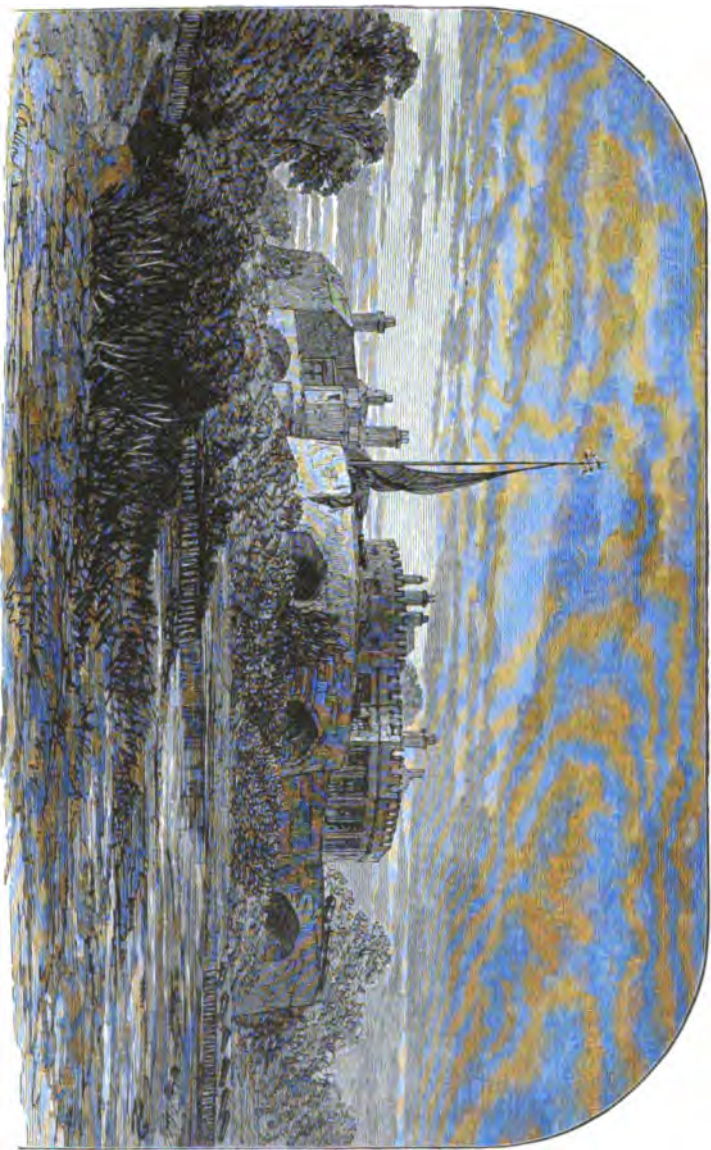
“ He jumped off the little hillock where he stood. The rest of the story you’ll have to read for yourself.”

“ For the remainder of this interesting story, see the next number of ‘King Lear,’ ” said Sarah. “ Any way, Dover cliff is n’t as high as the Palisades, and the Hudson is a great deal more interesting than the Straits of Dover.”

“ Oh, but think of Shakespeare standing on that cliff, Sarah ! ” said Charles. “ And where on the Hudson can you find Dover Castle ? ”

“ Now, Charles, you promised me you’d be a good American,” said his cousin, with pretended emotion.

“ We’re discovering Europe,” said Mrs. Bodley, “ and our people have partly taken it. Don’t you remember Longfellow’s poem, ‘The Warden of the Cinque Ports ? ’ ”



WALMER CASTLE, NEAR SANDWICH.

HELD BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AS WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.





"To be sure," said her brother. "Why, Dover is one of the Cinque Ports, is n't it?"

"What is a cinque port?" asked Sarah. "I don't remember the poem."

"The Cinque Ports are five ancient ports of England, — Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Sandwich, and Romney. — which were under the control of an officer of the crown, whose work it was to guard against foreign invasion. Of course, in modern days there are a great many more than five ports, and no one man is charged with the duty of guarding England against invasion; but the title remains, and it was borne by one of England's great generals, the Duke of Wellington, on whom the people relied in the last great peril of England, the stormy times of war with France, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke defeated Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the great Field Marshal, and when a French invasion was feared he was the one who seemed to keep watch. It was of his death that Longfellow wrote. Shall I repeat it?" and Mr. Van Wyck recited

#### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A mist was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the win-low-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,

and, after a hasty breakfast, they were again on deck. Land's End looked desolate enough. A dull, rocky coast, with not a tree or a building, was all that they could at first make out.

"I see a castle!" suddenly cried Sarah, and she made everybody look hard at it.

"It's a penitentiary," said Charles. "It is n't a castle at all."

"I am half disposed to agree with Charles," said his uncle. "The neighboring country is just the place for a penitent to walk about in. At this distance it looks sufficiently joyless."

"I want to see people," said Mrs. Van Wyck; and since none could be made out at that distance, not even a Pirate of Penzance, though they looked in the direction of Penzance, she was forced to content herself with the people on deck, who were all in a most sociable mood. There was no rough water, and the very poorest sailors among the passengers were now courageously walking about, or sitting with wraps about them in steamer chairs.

The bluff where the Lizard lights stood was the first point which showed any signs of life. The lights were two towers, of very substantial appearance, in an inclosure containing other buildings, all surrounded by a white wall. Back of the lights, higher up the hill, was a little settlement, with trees, and other houses were in sheltered nooks here and there.

"We're in the chops of the Channel now," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, with a learned air, as he approached the little group.

"Nathan, you just learned that from Hen," said his sister.

"The very best authority, Phippy," he replied. "And now you can begin to see why I insisted that we should take a steamer to London instead of to Liverpool."

"It is a very picturesque route to go to Liverpool by the north of Ireland," said his wife.

“ Very true, Blandina ; but this appeals a great deal more to the imagination. Look at all these sails and smoke-stacks that we can see, north, south, east, and west, and tell me if you don't begin to feel that we are on the King's Highway. The Channel is the road to England, and the Thames is the royal road to London. It is like entering England by the back door to go to Liverpool or Glasgow. To go up the Thames is to go to the front door, like kings and gentlemen.”

“ Yes,” said Charles, walking about with his hands behind his back. “ we are discovering Europe, and we don't mean to sneak up to it.”

“ Our ancestors did n't sail out of Liverpool, did they ? ” asked Sarah.

“ Oh, no. Liverpool is essentially a modern city, which has grown up on the foreign trade of England, especially the trade with America. Bristol was the port out of which a good many of the early voyagers sailed. The Cabots sailed out of it at the end of the fifteenth century ; but, after all, we are coming near the scene of the greatest activity in early exploration and colonization. I suppose that is the Devon coast away before us, and, if we only go near enough, we may be able to make out the Eddystone light-house, which stands before Plymouth Bay. Now, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the greatest names among the early American explorers and settlers, were Devon gentlemen, who lived near Torquay, just round the bend of the coast from Plymouth. All along the coast here, at Plymouth, Dartmouth, Torquay, Exeter, and other ports, there was lively commercial enterprise, and little ships were sailing in and sailing out the year round. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh sent out expeditions that sailed from Plymouth Bay to Virginia.”

"That reminds me, father," said Charles. "Why did the Pilgrims name their settlement Plymouth? Did the Mayflower sail from this Plymouth?"

"The Mayflower and the Speedwell sailed from Southampton, behind the Isle of Wight, which I suppose we shall pass early to-morrow morning. They had brought the Pilgrims there from Holland, but they put in at Dartmouth afterward to repair damages, and then again they were obliged to make Plymouth harbor; and it was here that the Speedwell proved to be unseaworthy, and her passengers were transferred to the Mayflower. Plymouth was the last English port from which the Pilgrims sailed. One of the old writers gives that as a reason for the new Plymouth being so named. Others say that the Pilgrims had with them a map, made by Captain John Smith, who had explored the coast, and had given the name of Plymouth to this spot. The Plymouth Company was the name of one of the great English trading companies, which was concerned in the settlement of the northern coast, and thus the name Plymouth, which was so identified with colonization, would easily be a conspicuous one. As there is a little uncertainty about it all, I like best to believe that the Pilgrims named their new settlement Plymouth because Plymouth was the last English town which they had known."

The day wore away, and in the late afternoon the steamer came again near the coast, and passed not far from Start Point. There was a signal station there; one of those clean-looking, white piles of buildings, tucked in a crevice of the rocks, with brown and green hills behind, where occasional farm-houses nestled in nooks. Not a human being could they make out anywhere, but there was a lovely light upon the coast, and the sides of the hills were like patchwork.

"It is a patchwork counterpane," said Sarah.

"Yes," added her mother. "The brown plowed fields and the green grain fields are stitched together with stone walls."

On the horizon were flocks of fishing boats, hopping across the Channel, while steamers bound westward, or tawny luggers and brigantines, squaring sail for what little breeze there was, passed under their bows. As sunset came the land receded, forming the bay which extends from Brixmouth to the Bill of Portland, and disclosing the purple hills which rise behind Torquay. It was a bewitching scene: the water was as quiet as in a land-locked harbor; the golden light flooded the bay and the hills, and changed to lemon and yellow and green, followed in the western sky with a softness that turned the voyage into one of enchantment. Then the comet appeared in the sky, and they sat into the evening watching it, and yet turning their eyes quite as often to the lights on shore, toward which they drew nearer and nearer.

"Oh, must we go to bed?" exclaimed Sarah.

"If you don't go to bed, you won't have the pleasure of waking up," said her mother. And with that faint compensation the children turned in, taking a last peep at the shores of England through their port-holes.

The day had been so long and so full that all the party slept later than they intended, and were disappointed, when they came upon deck in the morning, just before breakfast, to find that they were off Brighton, but that there was so much of a haze they could see nothing of the town or the pier. By and by the haze lifted, and a warm, bright day set in.

"What good fortune this is!" said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Now, when I teased you all to come this way, I had a horrid fear that we

might knock about the Channel in a fog for three or four days, as sometimes happens, and there would have been no fun in that."

"But what an uninhabited country this is," said his sister. "We have n't seen a soul on shore yet. There are people in these boats that pass us. Do you suppose they are all escaping from England?"

"Mamma," said Sarah, "don't you see that these are the natives, who push out to meet us, just as the Indians paddled out to meet our ancestors?"

"To be sure. They have better canoes, have n't they? Here comes one who is going to board us." It was the pilot, who came aboard shortly after they had passed Dungeness. As he came with his kit up the ladder, which hung over the side of the ship, one of the officers called out, —

"Eighteen hundred and twelve!"

"What's that for?" asked Charles.

"Any reference to the last war with England?" asked his mother, with a laugh.

"It's our tonnage, ma'am," said Hen, who was standing by them. The pilot went forward to the bridge and took his station, and his kit was carried to the wheel-house. The boat which brought him was towed alongside for a while, until his sail boat was near, when the rope was cast off. Pretty soon there was a bustle, and over went the gang-ladder again, and up came another pilot, with his kit.

"What an extraordinarily dangerous journey this must be!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Two pilots! But there goes the other!" and, sure enough, over the side went the first comer, with his kit after him.

"Number one had no business here," said Hen, who had walked

forward, and now was back again. "He was a fourteen-foot pilot, and is n't allowed to take us in."

"I should n't have said he was quite so tall," said Mrs. Van Wyck, demurely. Hen stared at her a moment, and then a broad grin spread over his face.

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"I don't see any one gathering samphire," said Mrs. Bodley, looking up at the cliff, near Dover.

"Why should you?" asked Sarah.

"Your aunt was thinking of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,'" said Sarah's father. "You have n't read the play, and so could not remember; but there is a scene where one man is leading another, who is blind, near the edge of that cliff up there. The blind man means to



leap over the edge, to rid himself of life ; his guide knows it, and so, instead of taking him to the real edge, he leads him to a little jumping-off place, and pretends he is leaning forward and looking over the cliff. ' Come on, sir,' he says : —

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“ Well, did the blind man jump off ? ” asked Charles.

“ He jumped off the little hillock where he stood. The rest of the story you ’ll have to read for yourself.”

“ For the remainder of this interesting story, see the next number of ‘ King Lear,’ ” said Sarah. “ Any way, Dover cliff is n’t as high as the Palisades, and the Hudson is a great deal more interesting than the Straits of Dover.”

“ Oh, but think of Shakespeare standing on that cliff, Sarah ! ” said Charles. “ And where on the Hudson can you find Dover Castle ? ”

“ Now, Charles, you promised me you ’d be a good American,” said his cousin, with pretended emotion.

“ We ’re discovering Europe,” said Mrs. Bodley, “ and our people have partly taken it. Don’t you remember Longfellow’s poem, ‘ The Warden of the Cinque Ports ? ’ ”



**WALMER CASTLE, NEAR SANDWICH.  
HELD BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AS WARDEN OF THE KING'S PORT.**



"To be sure," said her brother. "Why, Dover is one of the Cinque Ports, is n't it?"

"What is a cinque port?" asked Sarah. "I don't remember the poem."

"The Cinque Ports are five ancient ports of England, — Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Sandwich, and Romney, — which were under the control of an officer of the crown, whose work it was to guard against foreign invasion. Of course, in modern days there are a great many more than five ports, and no one man is charged with the duty of guarding England against invasion; but the title remains, and it was borne by one of England's great generals, the Duke of Wellington, on whom the people relied in the last great peril of England, the stormy times of war with France, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke defeated Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the great Field Marshal, and when a French invasion was feared he was the one who seemed to keep watch. It was of his death that Longfellow wrote. Shall I repeat it?" and Mr. Van Wyck recited

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The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,

To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

Hen came up as the poem was recited, and listened to the last stanzas. "There's another historic scene," said he, "just off here. We're coming into the Downs. Phippy, do you remember a piece of poetry about the Downs?"

Mrs. Van Wyck searched her memory in vain.

"Want to know," said Hen, in surprise. "Did you never hear of Black-Eyed Susan and her William?" and Hen, looking about to see that none of the sailors were near, sang, in a hoarse, subdued voice:—

"All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board:  
"Oh, where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

"Look! look!" cried Sarah, suddenly. "Just see what a pretty sight!" and all turned as she spoke. A light breeze had sprung up, and in a moment, as if by magic, the steamer was moving forward in the midst of a fleet of vessels, a hundred and more, sailing on either side down the Channel. They were mostly schooners, and with all sails set were skipping along like so many birds, fluttering.

spreading their wings upon one side and the other, and dipping gently in the water. It was a most animated scene.

All the afternoon the *Algeria* was steaming through the Downs, and, fetching a great circle, made for the Nore, as the mouth of the Thames River is called. The shoals extend so far that it is necessary to go almost out of sight of land. They saw the treacherous Goodwin Sands; they passed successively the Gull, the Mouse, and the Nore lights.

"Why, we are going due west!" exclaimed Charles, as he consulted the compass, when they came upon deck after dinner. To be sure, they had described a great arc, and were now pointing for the mouth of the river. They were still in the broad estuary, but the shores on either side drew nearer and nearer, and the children rushed from one side of the boat to the other as the different banks attracted them. They spied Sheerness, with its fortifications, at the mouth of the Medway, and were told that it was a great naval station, and they began to pass a vast number of small craft going with the tide up the river. At length they came to Gravesend reach, and lay to while the customs officers and a river pilot came aboard. It was nearly nine o'clock, and too late to go by rail to London from this point, as passengers usually do.

"I'm not sorry," said Mr. Bodley. "It will be light enough this long summer night for us to see something of the river as we go up, and I should be sorry to miss it."

"What fun it is to see people moving about on shore!" said Sarah.

"Yes; these are the very first people we have seen on land," said her mother.

"Except that man we saw on the bank below, a little while since," Sarah corrected.

"To be sure, we did see one man walking his solitary way."

On they steamed again in the twilight, and the children were allowed to sit up on deck, far into the night. They did not say much, but looked intently out on the river, and on the myriad lights on shore which stretched before them toward London.

"How London reaches its arms down!" exclaimed Mr. Bodley. "Gravesend is twenty-seven miles from the city, and yet we seem already in the neighborhood of London."

"I can almost smell the city," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It seems as if we were going into the jaws of some vast creature," said Mrs. Bodley. The twilight added a charming mystery to all the objects that came into view. The bends in the river, both below and above Gravesend, with marshes between, made it seem, now and then, as if they were to go cruising across the flats, and each turn brought some new and odd picture. They were in the midst of a motley company. The tide was with them, and so hundreds upon hundreds of fishing boats, and hay boats, and boats laden with stone, most of them furnished with the tawny, hempen sails, which lend so much delightful color, were in the stream. As the steamer pressed on, and this multitude of boats drifted in the same direction, with little help from the wind, there was a singular effect produced, as if the boats were all dropping down the river stern foremost. They saw little groups of farm-houses and lime-kilns on the banks; they passed great hulks, old-fashioned men-of-war, very broad both stem and stern, which had found a peaceful anchorage in their old age, and were used some as hospitals, and some, which had masts and shrouds, as training-ships. The twilight deepened, and the stars came out, and the comet again showed its tail, already grown bigger; but more brilliant were the electric lights which marked the new Albert Docks.



At length the word was given that Victoria Docks had been reached. The engine stopped, the anchor rattled out, and the voyage seemed to have come to an end. But why did not the gates open, and let the steamer in? Nobody seemed to know, and Hen, on whom they relied, had suddenly disappeared. They waited in the darkness, and finally the children, tired out, were sent to their berths, and the ladies followed them. Only the gentlemen remained above to see the steamer fairly docked. Two of the passengers, who had grown impatient, managed to get a boat to take them ashore. It was a strange scene. They clambered down the side of the steamer into the boat, and rowed over the black river into the darkness.

At length a noise was heard, and shouts of "Here we are!" "Oh, are you there? We've been waiting for you!" and from up the river came steaming down a strange craft, somewhat like a canal boat with side wheels. It puffed up to the side of the steamer; ropes were flung out, and it was made fast. It was the cattle boat which had come to take off the live freight before the steamer should go into dock. For a day or two past the men on the steamer had been making ready for the discharge of the cattle. Strong ways had been built from the lower hold in successive turns up the hatchway fore and aft, and now Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck climbed out from the upper deck to a point overlooking the hatchway, and watched the proceedings.

There were men below in the hold with sticks, with which to prod the beasts up the inclined plane, and above, about the hatch, were other men to help, and especially to turn the heads of the cattle in the right direction. The passengers had been ordered aft, and ropes had been put up for a barrier to keep the cattle in place.

Pretty soon there was an outcry, and the hoofs of a great beast were heard stamping up the plank, while shouts of encouragement sounded from below. His head came up, and new cries resounded, as the men about the hatch urged him along. When one was stubborn, or more probably frightened, one of the men would twist his tail. Up they came, pushing each other, great, hulking creatures, blundering along as well as they knew how, stumbling over the boards, and coming with a great stagger upon the deck, when they were hurried to the gangway which led to the cattle boat. It took an hour to get them off, and it seemed as if the drivers hullabalooed them into stupidity, cudgeling them with words more than with sticks.

Then the cattle boat, careening with her loose cargo, steamed off to Deptford, and the *Algeria* prepared to enter the docks. Lights gleamed about the gates, which were opened, and, after many manoeuvres, the great steamer moved slowly through the gateway, the gates shut behind her, and she was in Victoria Docks. The gentlemen did not stay till the steamer should be brought to her jetty, but turned in, and, for the next half hour, heard the most unearthly sounds above and around.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE FIRST PEEP AT HOLLAND.

It was on Saturday morning, June 25th, that the party was fairly on shore on the Eastern continent. They woke from their broken

sleep in their state-rooms on board the *Algeria*, and found her made fast to a jetty in Victoria Docks, London. According to the plans which they had formed, they stayed a few days in London, and then went to Switzerland for the summer. It was the 17th of August when they reached Hamburg on their journey north, and from Hamburg they went by way of Bremen to Holland.

“How flat the country begins to look!” said Charles, as they left the station of Nieuweschans, and knew now that they were actually in Holland.

“It is n’t a bit flatter than it has been for the last hour,” said Sarah; “and just see how much nicer it is than it was in Germany! Why, the very ditches are cleaner.”

“That is certainly so,” said her father, laughing. “The German ditches had a malarious look, but these Holland ditches look as if they were kept in order, and really served to water the gardens. And what a general air of thrift there is!” As far as they could see, the country stretched away in a flat plain, with few trees, but occasional clusters of buildings, and now and then a spire, while the train was constantly crossing canals or running by the side of them, and windmills grew more frequent. Their sails were flying round, and it seemed as if they had caught the Holland trait of industry, and notified everybody who came into the country that even the buildings were expected to work.

It was evening before the party reached its first stopping place, the town of Groningen, and they went straight to the Doelen Hotel, in the market-place. It was so late that the children did not go out after supper, but went up-stairs to their rooms, and were put to bed, when the older people took a stroll about the town.

"Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley, as they came away, "I think I have made a discovery. Did you notice what the chamber-maid said about those beds?"

"Yes: she said one was a feather-bed and the other a mattress, and we could take our choice."

"No, Phippy; she said *mattræss*, not *máttress*. I always say *mat-træss*, and my mother always did."

"And so does mine," said Phippy.

"Well, that is because she was brought up in New York. Depend upon it, the Dutch have left that pronunciation with us. People are always correcting me, and telling me to say *máttress*."

"Very good, Blandina," said her husband. "You've begun already on a rediscovery of your ancestors."

"This is all very well," said Mr. Van Wyck, "these brick houses and clean-looking streets; but I am disappointed in the shops. They show almost nothing but French goods. I don't see anything especially Dutch."

"And the children," said his wife. "Blandina, it would n't do to say it before Sarah. but I never saw such rude boys and girls in the streets, after dark, at home."

"They certainly are rude."

"Yes," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Groningen is not such a very provincial place. I suppose we can't expect Holland to have remained antique for our entertainment. We have a way of thinking that we shall find everything in Europe as we left it when we first came over, two hundred and fifty years ago."

The next day, however, when the whole party walked about the town, the place took on a less cosmopolitan appearance.

"What queer head-dresses the women do wear!" said Sarah. "I

sleep in their state-rooms on board the *Algeria*, and found her made fast to a jetty in Victoria Docks, London. According to the plans which they had formed, they stayed a few days in London, and then went to Switzerland for the summer. It was the 17th of August when they reached Hamburg on their journey north, and from Hamburg they went by way of Bremen to Holland.

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stood above a bridge, and at the end of the way they could spy a windmill.

“What in the world is this?” said Charles, who had dropped behind, and was staring up at a rude effigy of a man’s head, thrust from the wall of a house near the corner of a street. “Ick kiek noch in’t,” he spelled slowly from the words beneath the head.



A Street in the Edge of Groningen.

“Oh,” said his uncle, “I remember about that. The man is saying, ‘I still peep into it.’ Long ago the electoral troops of Cologne besieged the town, but they could not prevent boats from coming up the Reiddiep, — the canal-like river which lets sea-going ships come close to the town, — and so bringing provisions; and at last the troops went away, and the towns-people put up this image, which says, ‘As long as I can peep into the river we’re all right;’ and this street is called the ‘I still peep into it Street.’”

“How absurd!” said Charles. “Just as if New York should have a street called ‘I can have all the Croton Water I want Street.’”

“Well, it would mean something,” said Sarah; “and there

don't think I ever saw anything quite so ugly. I wonder if they have all had a fever, and had their hair shorn off."



Head-Dress of Groningen Peasant.

"Every province, and almost every town, has its own costume," said her uncle. "We shall see different ones everywhere."

"They have gold on their heads and wood on their feet," said Mr. Bodley; "and how leisurely they are!" The travelers themselves seemed to have caught something of the Dutch moderation, for they sauntered through the streets, and looked deliberately at all the little novelties of Dutch life. There were women driving carts, into which single hoary goats were harnessed, the women walking by the side of the carts. Everybody seemed to be scrubbing something or other; only the children looked dirty.

"Nathan," said Mr. Van Wyck, "here is where our ancestors got their notion of interior arrangement of houses. Do you see how all the doors lead into a narrow entry, with the rooms on one side?"

"Yes; but we never have our blacksmiths' shops in the front parlor." To be sure, that seemed to be the arrangement, and butchers' shops were in the same place. "How neat this butcher's shop looks, with its plants and its Venetian shutters!"

"No flies admitted without a ticket," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as she inspected the interior. Through the open door they could occasionally get glimpses of little gardens at the back. Their walk led them away from the market-place toward the outer edge of the town, and near the canal. A pretty wrought-iron arch

town to town with their wares. I must say I rather like the looks of this market. It seems to show that nothing is wasted. How much better off our people would be, if in every little town there was a market one or two days a week, when people could exchange and sell and buy !”

At noon they took the train to the old town of Leeuwarden, in the neighborhood, and spent a few hours there, rambling about, and getting used to Dutch sights and ways. The streets and canals were crowded, and they visited the butter market, a beautiful building, and were more and more sure that Holland was the busiest and richest country they had ever been in. Throughout the town were gold and silver smiths' shops ; every street seemed to have them, and the women wore gold head-dresses, though they might be carrying pails from a yoke.

“That is the reason they can wear gold,” said Mr. Bodley, — “because they work so hard.”

“Well,” said his wife, “I should think they would have a hard time mending socks. I have been watching the people's heels, and I do believe I have not seen one whole sock or stocking. These wooden shoes must wear them out frightfully.” They saw among the strange head-dresses one which they were told belonged to a woman from the island of Ameland, which lay off the coast. It had two gold flaps at the sides, and false curls, which were arranged on either side of the head.



Head-dress of the island of Ameland

“What very vigorous hair to grow outside of that gold !” said Mrs. Van Wyck.



That night they slept at Meppel, and the next day they were in the great city of Amsterdam.

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## CHAPTER V.

### OLD AMSTERDAM.

"THERE is one advantage," said Mr. Bodley, as they all sat at breakfast in the Bible Hotel, on the day after their arrival,— "there is one advantage about traveling in Holland. Everything is within reach. Here we are at Amsterdam ! If we wish, we can go to Haarlem this morning, or to Zaandam, or Utrecht, or the Hague, or Rotterdam, and be back here before night."

"But we don't want to go away from Amsterdam. We have only just got here," said his wife.

"No ; there is plenty to see here for a good many days yet. We must get used to the city, for one thing. When I was here last, I discovered an amazing facility for getting lost. So I propose that, after breakfast, the Bodley and Van Wyck caravan begin the show by a procession through the streets and along the sides of the canals."

"Before we go into a tent and charge for admission ?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, the difference between this caravan and the ordinary menagerie is that we do the staring."

"Just as if the animals in a menagerie don't stare ! Why, Uncle Nathan, the last time I was at a circus, the elephant looked at me very hard."



AMSTERDAM.



"What 's the reason, father," asked Charles, "that they call this hotel where we are staying the Bible Hotel? Is it only for very good people?"

"Did n't you see the big stone Bible at the entrance?" asked his father.

"I supposed that was a sign."

"So it is; and in the office the clerk will show us an old Bible, dated 1542, with a certificate declaring that this Bible was printed in a printing-office which occupied the site of the hotel, which is itself rather an ancient inn. That is where the name came from."

"Is that the oldest printed Bible, father?"

"No; the first one printed with a date was eighty years earlier, — in 1462."

The rooms which the party occupied were high up in the house, and looked out over the Damrak, a canal which led to the harbor from the Dam, or great square; the face of the hotel was on one of the narrow streets which run between the canals, and are



The Damrak, with the Bible Hotel and the Old Church.

scarcely wide enough to permit carriages to pass. But then there were very few carriages. All the heavy trucking was done in boats

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AMSTERDAM.



Dutch to understand that. This is a country where they make everybody work, — dogs and all.”

“Well, we have those in New York,” said Mrs. Bodley. “But I don’t believe they have come down to us from our Dutch ancestors.”

“No. I think the unaided New York imagination could devise as much; but they do seem to get more work out of dogs here than we do.”

Their walk led them back toward the Old Bible; but, as they came again to the Dam, they saw a party of gentlemen going into the Palace, and suddenly determined to take this opportunity to go in also. The little company thus formed was at once taken in hand by a guide in gold lace, a dignified, erect fellow, who adapted himself to the party he was conducting; and, as most of them were English-speaking, spoke in English, occasionally throwing in a Dutch translation for the benefit of the one or two Dutch members. He had one invariable formula with which he introduced all his sentences.

“Look here!” he began. “The Palace was built for a town-hall in 1648.”

“That was before the Dutch gave up New Amsterdam,” whispered Sarah.

“Look here!” said the guide, farther. “It stands on 13,659 piles, driven seventy feet deep into the ground. It cost eight million florins, and was presented by the town to King Louis Napoleon for a palace in 1808.”

“That was when his benevolent brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, had given him the little kingdom of Holland for a kickshaw,” said Mr. Van Wyck.



sleep in their state-rooms on board the *Algeria*, and found her made fast to a jetty in Victoria Docks, London. According to the plans which they had formed, they stayed a few days in London, and then went to Switzerland for the summer. It was the 17th of August when they reached Hamburg on their journey north, and from Hamburg they went by way of Bremen to Holland.

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"Except the American," said Charles, proudly.

"We never had any war with America," said the guide. "But look here! From the Duke of Alva!" and he showed a case of mouldering standards.

"We must imagine a great dais here under Atlas," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and a broad table, where the President and Council sat, while our delegates came before the States-General, and reported on affairs at New Amsterdam. At one time they wanted to be rid of the West India Company, and have a government direct from the States-General. We must hunt up the West India House."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD AND NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE old city of Amsterdam had many buildings and streets in it which could scarcely have looked very differently when the Dutch left the place to come to America. So much had the piles settled that in some places the houses leaned over toward each other, and seemed almost to nod and whisper confidences.

"What fun we could have, Charles," said Sarah, "if we lived on opposite sides of one of these narrow passages, and had a string telegraph from the windows!"

"Yes; but I think it would be better fun to keep a boat, and poke along the canals; you could find ever so many little canals that are no wider than a footpath."

"I'll show you rather a famous one to-morrow," said his father. They were sitting at dusk looking out over the canal. "Now I want

"Translate that sentence, Charles," said his father.

"There is n't a verb," said Charles. "'Alexander to Peter the Great, gave' understood, I suppose, 'something or other.'"

"Perhaps the marble tablet," said his father.

"His homage," suggested his uncle.

"His blessing," suggested his mother.

"In 1814," said the young man, with a wave of his hand, "Emperor Alexander here then."

"Our guide is as saving of his words as Alexander was," said Mr. Van Wyck. "But where does that ladder lead to? There's a trap door up there."



Inner Room, Cabin of Peter the Great.

"Nowhere," said the young man, and he shook his head mysteriously. They walked into the other room. It was bare of furniture, and here, the young man explained, Peter the Great worked.

"Nothing small for a great man," said the young man again, as they went peering about the walls, reading the various inscriptions by Russian emperors and princes, Dutch potentates, kings and queens, and stray visitors without titles.

"That epigrammatic remark seems to be in all modern languages here on the walls," said Mr. Bodley. "I wonder who invented it. I say," turning to the young man, and pointing to the inscription in English, "who wrote that?"

"English," said the young man, and pointing successively at others, "French, Dutch, Russian, German."

"I don't see why any one could n't take a ship and go to Java," said Charles.

"At first the trade between Holland and the East was open to any one. The reason why the East India Company was formed and given the sole right to the trade was because Holland saw that single vessels never could be strong enough to resist Spain and Portugal, both of which countries had possessions in the East; and it also knew that it had itself enough on its hands at home: so it turned over the important foreign trade to one great and powerful company. The company could make treaties with East Indian powers, could build forts, man fleets, raise troops, and in almost all respects act as a sovereign power, though always in the name of the States-General of the United Netherlands."

"When did all this happen?" asked Sarah.

"The charter was given in 1602, and that year a fleet of fourteen vessels sailed. The next year a second fleet of thirteen vessels sailed, and that was the beginning of a great commercial company. When the fleets reached the East Indies, they opened at once a rich trade, and captured, besides, a stronghold of the Spanish-Portuguese."

"But was there not an earlier company?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"All the trade with the East was carried on at first by trading companies. The Portuguese had an East India Company as early as 1587, and eight years afterward A Company for Remote Parts, as it was called, was formed at Amsterdam. The Dutch East India Company was created, as I said, in order to combine into one strong corporation all the trading interests. It had a charter for twenty-one years, and at the end of the time the charter was renewed for twenty-one years more; but then, that is in 1644, though it had been very wealthy, it had fallen off so that it could scarcely raise the six-

teen hundred thousand guilders which was the price required by the government for a new charter."

"And is it still a company?" asked Charles. "Do the Dutch East India colonies belong to it?"

"No; its charter was renewed from time to time, but the French Revolution put an end to it, and it went out of existence in 1795. The colonies belong to Holland, and not to any company; but a new trading company was formed in 1824, which acts as agent for the sale of the produce of the colonies in Europe."

"That is something like the history of the English East India Company," said Mr. Bodley.

"Yes; that was started almost at the same time with the Dutch company, in rivalry with the Dutch and Portuguese. It had various fortunes, but became very powerful about the time that England was losing her American colonies. The English East India Company also became extinct, and all its possessions in India and other parts of the East passed into the hands of the English government in 1858, after the terrible Sepoy rebellion."

"But it was the West India Company that really settled New Amsterdam, was it not?" asked Mrs. Bodley.



The Half-Moon.

"Yes. I was coming to that," said her brother.

"Nathan asked me about the difference between the East India and the West India Company. The East India Company did some exploration under Henry Hudson in his Half-Moon, you know. The Dutch merchants began very soon to open the fur trade, and small expeditions were sent out; but the first real movement toward occupying the Hudson River and its mouth was in 1621, when the country was turned over to the West India Company.

That company had been formed very much on the same basis as the East India Company, but its chief business at first was not trade so much as what we should now call privateering. Holland's great enemy was Spain, and Spain was diligently at work getting silver from the American mines. The strength of the West India Company was in its fleet, which sometimes numbered as many as seventy vessels, and within the first ten years of the company's existence it took Bahia, in Brazil, in 1624; it captured a great silver fleet in 1628, and it took Pernambuco in 1630. For some time it looked as if the Dutch would be the masters of Brazil; and it held New Netherland, as we know. Now, all that is left to the Dutch on this side of the Atlantic is a strip of Guiana in South America, and one or two little islands in the Venezuelan group."



Flag of West India  
Company House.

"But what broke up the West India Company?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"It fell to pieces, chiefly because it rested its success not upon trade, but upon conquest. It was an expensive business always to be fighting, and it was only now and then that a special turn of fortune, like the capture of a silver fleet, filled their chests. It was a company carrying on a war with a nation, and the Portuguese recovered Brazil from them, the English took New Netherland, and that was the death-blow."

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Bodley, "that the sending over of so many Walloons, in the early colonization of New Netherland, had something to do with the fact that the West India Company was specially formed to attack Spain."

"It had a good deal to do with it. Belgium, where the Walloons

"Oh, let us visit Broek!"

"Brook!" said Sarah. "More water?"

"Yes; but not a running brook; a stagnant Broek, rather.



A Summer Sledge

Broek is a little village near Amsterdam, spelled with an *e*, but pronounced with an *o*, which has the absurd and rather dangerous reputation of being the cleanest village in the world."

So, after lunch, they went to Broek. They took a steamboat from the same place from which the Zaan-dam boat started, and went up the North Holland

canal. The gates of the canal were on the other side of the harbor, and there they had to wait some time for some scows to pass through, which had the start of them. No one seemed to hurry, and they looked with admiration at the solid masonry of the lock. Having steam, they were able to pass other boats on the canal, which were sometimes trusting to their sails, sometimes drawn by a horse, which walked along the tow-path, and sometimes by two men in harness. The boys who rode the horses had their feet dangling over the side, ready to jump off, if necessary. At a little place called 't Schouw, they left the boat, which kept on up the canal to Purmerend, and, with others, got aboard a *trekschuit*, or drag-boat, which was to go up a narrower canal leading to Broek.

"Here is a sort of crack," said Charles, as they came to an alley between two high buildings, so narrow that two people could scarcely pass each other in it. "Is this the lane you mean?"

"Yes; this is Bruinistensteeg, or Brownists' Lane. We will walk to the end of it." It was drizzling, and each carried an umbrella, which knocked against the opposite sides of the lane as they moved along. The lane terminated at a wooden rail, which overhung a dirty little canal, eight feet wide, and the procession could scarcely form a group here.

"What in the world have we come to?" asked Sarah.

"Look at this building on your left," said Mr. Bodley; and they took their umbrellas down, so as to be able to see it. It was an old building, with its end toward the canal; a dark doorway opened upon the alley, and disclosed a forbidding-looking staircase, which led within to the upper parts. The wall of the building was pierced, on a level with the eye, by small, round, arched windows protected by iron gratings, which had a half-ecclesiastical look; while above, higher up, were racks projecting from windows, for holding clothes to dry.

"It appears to be a tenement house," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Probably it is," said her husband, "and we won't go inside. The outer walls are all, I believe, that remain of what was the meeting-house and home of the Brownists. At any rate, it occupies the site of their building, which was burned in 1662."

"And that is why they call this lane Brownists' Lane," said Charles, sagaciously. "And who are the Brownists, father, and why did they come down such a very narrow lane?"

"They had not much choice of residence," said his father, as they moved away. "Do you remember, Charles, that in Longfellow's



‘Courtship of Miles Standish,’ John Alden, when he enters Priscilla’s house, hears her singing the hundredth Psalm ?

“ ‘Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,  
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.  
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem.’

Well, Ainsworth was one of the advance guard of the Separatists from the English Church, who early got the name of Brownists from a conspicuous leader. Before the end of the sixteenth century, these Englishmen, who were hard pressed in England, came over to Holland, and some of them, Ainsworth among them, formed a little congregation in Amsterdam. Here they lived in poverty, but the church lived for nearly a hundred years, and was one of the little rushlights of that faith which afterward had a more considerable history in Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. This is really one of the very few memorials in Amsterdam of the early Pilgrims.”

“Did you notice that little girl,” said Mrs. Bodley, “whom we met as we came out of the narrow alley ?”

“Yes ; what of her ?”

“Oh, she dropped a little curtsy, and I could not help thinking of what my mother has told me of New York, when she was a child, only a little after 1800 came in. All the boys took off their caps, and all the girls dropped curtsies when they met older people. I wonder if it is the remains of a Dutch custom.”

“It would be pretty hard to carry it out on Broadway now, Aunt Blandina,” said Sarah.

“Yes, or in Amsterdam ; and that is why this little girl interested me.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PRINCELY SHIP-CARPENTER.

"AMSTERDAM always was a place for exiles who could not live at home," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It was something as Geneva, in Switzerland, is to-day. The bookseller next to our hotel told me that Locke, the great philosopher, used to buy paper in his store,



Windmills near Amsterdam

when he was living in Amsterdam, out of the way of King James the Second."

"Well, we are going this morning to see the old home of a visitor

to Amsterdam, who was a different kind of exile," said Mr. Bodley; "for I have arranged our morning trip, now that it has cleared away, to Zaandam, to see where the great Czar Peter lived and worked at ship-building."

They took a small steamer to Zaandam, which lies on an arm of the Zuider Zee, and, as they puffed along, they looked across the country and saw the windmills, as usual, making their arms fly round, and having the merry look which windmills alone of buildings have. About six miles away from the city, they spied the pretty village, with red-roofed houses, to which they were going. They left the boat, and walked down the road which led to the cabin of Peter the Great.

"We can't get anywhere without crossing a little canal," said Sarah, as they went by a foot-bridge over one, and made their way along its side to the cottage.

"So much water has something to do with their keeping so clean," said her aunt.

"But, mother," said Charles, "I don't see that the Dutch are so excessively clean. The canals, at any rate, are dirty enough."

"But they don't sweep into them," said Sarah, who was always ready to take up the cudgels for her countrymen, as she called them. "The other day I noticed a woman, who was sweeping in front of her house. She swept close up to the edge of the canal. An American — one of your Americans, Charles — would have swept everything right into the canal, but my good Dutchwoman had a dust-pan and hand-brush, and carried the dust away with her."

"Oh, she was saving it to sell," said Charles. "They're frugal; that's why they are so clean. Hallo! is this the cabin? Why, it's got a house over it."

They had come to a little inclosure, holding Peter's cabin under a wooden cover, and near by a cottage, in which lived the young man who acted as showman. He was a pleasant fellow, who spoke just enough English to go round, as Charles said, and who knew, of course, what the party had come for, and proceeded to unlock the door of the cabin.

"Can we go in?" asked Mrs. Bodley, looking a little doubtfully at the extraordinarily tipsy house.

"Oh yes," said the young man, smiling.

"I don't wonder you asked, Blandina," said her husband. "I should think Peter's cabin was at sea in a northwest gale. What an air of shipwreck it preserves! I notice the young man slips off his wooden shoes. I suppose they are too heavy, and might bring the building down on our heads."

The cabin consisted of two rooms, each about ten feet by twelve. In the first which they entered was the work-bench which Peter used, and his two chairs, and a cupboard into which he crept for his bed, the doors being covered with mosquito netting. There was a corner cupboard, also, in which he kept his bread and cheese, and a fire-place, surrounded by Dutch tiles. Over the mantel-piece the late Czar had placed a tablet, with the words



The Living-Room in Peter the Great's Cabin.

PETRO MAGNO  
ALEXANDER

"Translate that sentence, Charles," said his father.

"There is n't a verb," said Charles. "'Alexander to Peter the Great, gave' understood, I suppose, 'something or other.'"

"Perhaps the marble tablet," said his father.

"His homage," suggested his uncle.

"His blessing," suggested his mother.

"In 1814," said the young man, with a wave of his hand, "Emperor Alexander here then."

"Our guide is as saving of his words as Alexander was," said Mr. Van Wyck. "But where does that ladder lead to? There's a trap door up there."



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"English," said the young man, and pointing successively at others, "French, Dutch, Russian, German."

"Oh, I know," said Mr. Bodley. "Very fine. Who?"

"You're getting as epigrammatic as the unknown author and the young man himself," said his wife.

"Alexander," said the young man.

"Alexander presents this sentiment to Peter the Great, with his compliments," said Sarah. "That is the translation of the tablet. Let's go outside and walk round the house." There was room to walk about it, under the wooden case which had been built over it, but there seemed to be nothing new to see. As they came out of the cabin, however, they saw a woman standing by the door with a yoke and a couple of pails. She smiled good-naturedly.

"My wife," explained the young man.

"Your house?" asked Mr. Bodley, pointing to the little cottage near by.

"Yes."

"Photographs?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes." The young man and his wife led the way into the cottage, and the guests looked curiously about the neat little building, for it was the first interior of a Dutch home they had seen. There was a fire on the hearth, — a big pot with peat and wood burning in it, — while over it hung another pot, in which something was boiling. Everything was deliciously neat. They were taken into the bedroom, which had just



A Pail-Bearer at the Cabin Door.

such a cupboard bed-cabinet as Peter's hut held, only this was draped with pretty white muslin curtains. A corner cupboard, with neat china, drew their eyes, also. They bought some photographs, and shook hands with the young man and his wife, and the ladies



Head-Dress of Zaandam.

examined carefully the woman's head-dress, which she good-naturedly let them handle.

"Now, why is n't this just perfect?" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Here is this charming couple living in a house with two rooms, and they are perfectly happy. There is n't a scrap wasted. They cook, eat, and drink in one room, and sleep in the other, and everything is as neat as wax."

"Yes, Phippy; we'll tear down our house when we get home, and build one just like it," said her husband.

"Oh, that would n't be worth while; but I was thinking of some cabins I have seen at home, where people live who are no poorer, and yet do not live half so comfortably in three or four rooms."

"But what made Peter the Great come here, father?" asked Charles Bodley.

"He saw that Russia, although it had a great sea on the south and another on the north, was really an interior country. The Turks controlled the entrance to the Black Sea, and the Russians had no navy, and scarcely any commerce. In 1695, Azov, at the mouth of the river Don, was taken from the Tartars, and Peter was determined to have a great fleet on the Black Sea. He had to send for shipwrights from Venice and Holland and England, which were

then great ship-building countries ; but he had scarcely begun the work of building a fleet, before he determined not to be dependent on foreign skill, and he sent off as many as fifty nobles to these countries to learn how to make ships and how to navigate them ; and not to be behindhand, he went himself to Amsterdam, and worked as a common ship-carpenter. At that time, 1697, Zaandam was a great ship-building place, and so he came here ; but I believe he only stayed a week, for people stared at him so, and showed so much curiosity, that he went back to Amsterdam, and worked in the ship-yards of the East India Company, where he would not be so much noticed."

"What a pity he had not come to Boston to learn his trade!" said Charles. "We could have shown him a thing or two."

"To be sure," said his father. "Boston was a famous ship-building place then, and had more vessels than all Scotland and Ireland."

"Do you suppose Amsterdam looked as it does now, in Peter's time?"

"The difference is by no means so great as it is between the Boston of 1697 and the Boston of 1881, and not nearly so great as between the New York of the one date and that of the other. I see a few changes myself, in customs, since I was here twenty years ago, just after I left college. Do you remember, Phil, those queer sledges we used to see by the wharves?"

"Yes, indeed. The driver squeezed an oil-rag in front of the runners to lessen the friction as they passed over the cobble-stones."

"And we used to hear the watchmen at night, with their wooden clappers. Holland is growing more like the rest of the world every year, I suppose. What shall we do this afternoon?"



"Oh, let us visit Broek!"

"Brook!" said Sarah. "More water?"

"Yes; but not a running brook; a stagnant Broek, rather.

Broek is a little village near Amsterdam, spelled with an e, but pronounced with an o, which has the absurd and rather dangerous reputation of being the cleanest village in the world."



A Summer Sledge

So, after lunch, they went to Broek. They took a steamboat from the same place from which the Zaan-dam boat started, and went up the North Holland

canal. The gates of the canal were on the other side of the harbor, and there they had to wait some time for some scows to pass through, which had the start of them. No one seemed to hurry, and they looked with admiration at the solid masonry of the lock. Having steam, they were able to pass other boats on the canal, which were sometimes trusting to their sails, sometimes drawn by a horse, which walked along the tow-path, and sometimes by two men in harness. The boys who rode the horses had their feet dangling over the side, ready to jump off, if necessary. At a little place called 't Schouw, they left the boat, which kept on up the canal to Purmerend, and, with others, got aboard a *trekschuit*, or drag-boat, which was to go up a narrower canal leading to Broek.

"Bless my heart!" cried Mrs. Van Wyck. "What do I see?" as she looked at the boat before them.

"Well, what do you see, Phippy?" asked her husband.

"Philip, I have made an archæological discovery! This canal boat is the very model of the Noah's Ark of my childhood; the house on a flat boat, with its roof."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Bodley. "There can be no doubt of it. Either this was modeled after a Noah's Ark, or a Noah's Ark was modeled after this! To think that our very toys are of Dutch origin!"

"There is no lid to the roof, where the animals can come out," objected Sarah.

"No; that was evidently an after-thought."

They got upon the boat; but, instead of entering the cabin, stayed in the little open part behind the cabin, with the steersman, who was the captain of the boat. A horse, with a boy on his back, walked along the path, and drew the craft. When the canal made a bend, there was a spindle post on the bank, and the rope, passing round this, guided the boat past the curve. There was no sound as they moved through the placid water, and they went so smoothly and silently that it was very much as if they were floating in the air. Whenever a passenger wanted to get off, the captain would steer the boat near the bank, the man would jump ashore, take off his hat and make a bow to the company, and on the boat would go, without stopping. The crew consisted of one man, who wore Turkish trousers.

Broek was not the end of the boat's journey, but most of the people left it at the landing there. Our party occupied itself with strolling about the place; an easy task, for it was a small village

only, lying on the banks of the canal, which here was widened into a basin of stagnant water.

“What an unhappy reputation it must be for a village to have!”



The Village of Broek.

said Mrs. Van Wyck. “I suppose all these people who see us walk about staring know that we have come to see if the place is as clean as it professes to be.”

“They mean to keep up its reputation, at any rate,” said Mr. Bodley. “See how much painting is going on! All of these wooden houses are painted up to their eyes in light colors, and every few yards we seem to meet a man with a paint pot touching up some wood.”

“It is the dampness of the place that compels them,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “They have to keep painting in order to preserve the wood.”

“Well,” said his wife, “I should think they would clean off the scum from the canal. It looks as if they had painted the water with a coat of green. Broek may be clean, but I don’t believe it is healthy.”

As they walked, they peeped furtively into the windows of some of the houses which looked upon the brick-paved street, and saw rich furniture, and placid-looking old ladies. The little streets were

paved chiefly with brick, and some of the paths were formed of brick or stone arranged in patterns. The children whom they met all bowed or curtsied to them.

"It is like a pasteboard town," said Mr. Bodley. "I feel like touching these green and white houses, to see if they have any backs to them."

"For my part," said his wife, "I feel very much like an intruder. This does not seem like a village, but like some private show, and as if we were to be the only strangers in the place."

"It is the penalty which these people have to pay for getting their absurd little village written about," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It is, however, curiously remote for a place so near Amsterdam. Let us make our way back on foot. We cannot be more than six or seven miles from the city."

To this they were all agreed, and began a leisurely walk by the bank of the canal toward 't Schouw. Every little while they would come upon men or girls scrubbing clothes,



A Dutch Laundress.

or pots and pans, as they knelt over the edge of the canal; and as they came to the little farm-houses on the side of the road, they would see groups of wooden shoes standing outside of the door. Every one who entered the house left his shoes on the door-step,

and walked about in stocking feet. They looked in at one stable, and were amused to see the cows' tails hung up upon a hook in the ceiling to keep them clean.

It was pretty to see how nature had adopted the canal as her own, and pushed out a little bunch of sedge here and there, and made the grass hang over the border. Man had dug a prim, straight-edged ditch, and Nature was trying hard to turn it into a careless river. It was a pleasant walk by this water-way. Boats were slowly moving up and down, but our walkers easily passed everything, no matter in which direction it was going. The road ended finally at a tea-garden, opposite the city, and near the gate of the canal. Here they found a ferry-boat, which was pulled across over a chain passing under the middle of the boat. The day had been a long one, and they were glad to get a good dinner at the Old Bible, and to go early to bed.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### UTRECHT AND HAARLEM.

It was a pleasant day when the party visited Utrecht. Indeed, they had waited for a pleasant day. "I want to show you all Holland in a moment of time," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and I can't do it if it is not pleasant." It was a railway journey of an hour only, and, as they were to return to Amsterdam in the afternoon, they traveled light weight, and stepped out of the station as if they had only left the Old Bible for a walk. Utrecht is a university town, and had a quiet, dignified air about it, which was in strong contrast

with Amsterdam. Pleasant, shaded streets and a little park attracted them, but their rambles seemed to bring them always to the Cathedral ; so they walked into the cloisters, which separate it from the University, and then they passed out into the square, where stood the great bell-tower.

"How strange," said Mrs. Bodley, "that this great tower should stand so separate from the Cathedral!"

"It is something like an Italian campanile, or bell-tower," said her husband. Just then the chimes rang out from it, and they stood and listened.

"Now, let us climb to the top," said Mr. Van Wyck. A carriage-way led through the base of the tower, under a lofty vault. There was a staircase, up which they climbed, until they came to a level with the top of the Cathedral.

"Here is where the sexton lives," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"What fun to live so high!" said Charles; "but I should think it might make housekeeping troublesome." They peeped into his room, as he went off to get a key, and it seemed to be full of all manner of queer corners and lofts. When he came back, he unlocked an iron gate, which had barred their way, received their fees,



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which we all are agreed. How small the houses look, down there !”

“Oh, Philip, don’t look over that parapet !” said his wife. “I really cannot bear it. I’d rather see Holland from a level. Do let’s go down again, and see how tall this tower is. That is the height of my ambition at present.” So down they all went, and were mightily glad to get upon *terra firma* again.

They went into a museum in the Stadhuis, and there they saw what captivated them all, both old and young. It was the model of a Dutch house of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

“Just see this, Nathan,” said his wife. “You can see how my ancestors were living at home when their cousins were in New Amsterdam.”

“It is a regular baby-house,” said Sarah. “I just wish I had it at home !” All the rooms were exposed to view, and the work was exquisitely done. There was a garden, and the statues in it, instead of being of marble or plaster, were diminutive copies in ivory. A wheelbarrow and a rake were there, and plants in pots, and a painted peacock on a painted fence, and a Dutch lady walking about, — or she would have walked, if her legs could have gone, — and an arbor, where a backgammon board had just slipped off the table. There was a kitchen, with all the apparatus necessary, including a silver stove, and a bath-brick board hanging from the wall, and a dresser filled with miniature Delft ware, and the cook sitting lazily before the fire, watching her waffle irons, while there was a plate of waffles on the table. There was a dining-room, and there were drawing-rooms, where people were playing cards. On the walls hung delicate oil paintings, actual copies of famous works, and the ceilings were frescoed, or hung with painted silk. There was a mouse-trap in the laun-



and let them go up alone. At first the stairway was broad, four steps to a turn, though the steps were short; then it became narrower, until it ended in a sort of squirrel track round and round a central pillar. The staircase was, in fact, in a little tower at the corner of the bell-tower. At length they came out at the top, three hundred and thirty-eight feet from the ground. There was a stone parapet and a lantern above, and some slaters were at work repairing the roof. A boy, who had been bringing up slates, poked his foot through the parapet, and kicked off bits of slate, to see them fall far below.

"If I were that boy's mother!" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

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"Then, why are you leaning against the lantern and clutching it, Nathan, just like the rest of us? Sarah, don't hang on to my dress so; you make me nervous."

"But the wind blows so, mamma!"

"I know it does; and why your father brought us up to this frightful place I'm sure I don't know."

"I brought you to see all Holland," said Mr. Van Wyck, laughing. "Is n't the view wonderful?"

It certainly was. Not the least beautiful was the view of the sky, where clouds were chasing one another, and throwing broad shadows over the fields below.

"There is Amsterdam, and there is Leyden, and there is Rotterdam," went on Mr. Van Wyck, pointing at various cities. "There is the railroad over which we came, and you can see the Zuider Zee. In fact, almost all Holland can be seen."

"How flat it is!" said Charles.

"Yes; Holland is flat. That seems to be the one fact upon

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"Yes," said her brother, "especially in the kitchen. I suppose the kitchen changes less with the fashion than the drawing-room. It is a little historical museum in itself."

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"Mamma," asked Sarah, as they walked through the streets, "what are these little looking-glasses for, outside of the windows? I see them in a great many of these houses, and I noticed them in Amsterdam and at Utrecht."

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Great Church, Haarlem, with Coster's Statue.

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"Now I know," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "where the grocery store of my childhood came from. Here it is grown a little bigger, with its shelves and drawers and arches and cupboards, exactly like the one I used to play with. It is just as if we had been diminished, and were walking about among our old toys, or else our old toys have grown bigger."

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"Cooky?"

The saleswoman smiled, and produced a little cake, which Mrs. Bodley bought.

"It is not our genuine cooky, but it is very plain that she understood me to ask for a little cake." They walked into a pretty park, at the end of the town, and came back at length, near the hour when the organ was to play, to the church which stood in the Great Market Place. A statue to Coster, the early printer, stood in the market-place, and near by was shown the house where he was said to have been born. It was adorned by a portrait bust in a niche in

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"They are models of ships," said his father, looking at the inscription, "which were put up here in 1668, to take the place of others which had fallen into decay, and were intended as memorials of a crusade under Count William of Holland."

There were monuments to great engineers and to a poet, and in one of the walls a cannon ball was imbedded, where it had struck during the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards, more than three hundred years before.



East Nave of Haarlem Church, with Ship.

“They must have got that idea from the old Brattle Street Church in Boston,” remarked Mrs. Van Wyck, sagely. Then the organ began to sound, and they found seats under a canopy, which evidently was intended to cover, on Sunday, some important Dutchman, and listened to music from Beethoven and Mozart.

“It’s a great organ, no doubt,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, when the music was over; “and

when I was a child, it was one of the seven wonders of the world; but they had not built the great Boston organ then.”

“Phippy,” said Mrs. Bodley, “you are incorrigible. I believe you think Harlem, near New York, is a more wonderful place than this old Dutch town.”

“Some very good people live in Harlem,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, gravely. “I *hope* the people in this Haarlem are as good. I don’t know. Nathan, how many pipes and stops does the guide-book say this organ has?”

“Five thousand pipes, and sixty-four stops.”

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you remember Kenan Hasselaar, a refined and noble woman, a widow, who headed a troop of three hundred girls and women, whom she armed with sword, musket, and dagger ? No wonder the Spaniards were seven months capturing Haarlem ! ”

In another room was the museum, and what especially interested them was the collection of curiosities relating to Coster and the discovery of printing.

“ Why,” said Charles, “ I was not so very wrong, after all. Coster was a sexton. His name was Laurenz Janszoon, and he was a sexton of the Great Church.”

“ Yes,” said his father. “ The people of Haarlem are determined to believe in their Coster. They have his statue, and they show the house where he was born, and the wood where he cut into the bark of trees and learned how to make movable type ; and here they have this museum, with all manner of curiosities. They certainly have persuaded themselves, and now they are doing their best to persuade other people.”

“ But don’t you believe Coster did invent printing, father ? ”

“ If he did, the Haarlem people have not proved it. Their so-called proofs are a bundle of inconsistencies. I have no doubt that in the discovery of printing, as in other inventions, a number of persons were busily experimenting at the same time, and a sexton of Haarlem may have been one of them ; but these undated books and his house and statue don’t prove it.”

“ Good-by, Coster,” said Sarah, with a wave of her hand. “ But I believe you did it, for you were a Dutchman.”

“ We missed one thing,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, as they were seated in the train, on their way back to Amsterdam. “ The guide-book says that Haarlem is famous for its hyacinths and tulips.”

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**THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. BY REMBRANDT**

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"It made me feel creepy," said he, "as if I might stumble on some bones, and so I backed out."

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"I told you so!" said his sister, triumphantly. "Our organ in the Boston Music Hall has five thousand four hundred and seventy-four pipes, and eighty-four stops. Come, let us hear no more about the great Haarlem organ."

"I only wish the Boston organ were in as big and fine a hall as this church," said Charles.

"Come, come, Charles," said his aunt, "I can't have such sentiments! They are treasonable."

They had yet one place to visit, and that was the Town Hall in the market-place. The entrance hall had an old timber roof, and they lingered in it for a while, looking at some grisly old portraits and stained glass, but chiefly at a painting, occupying a large part of one end, and representing the defense of Haarlem, when the Spaniards besieged it, and finally took it, in 1573. There was a wild medley of arms and legs; but the chief fact recorded in the picture was the part borne by women. One of them was shown pouring a bucket of boiling water down the back of one of the besiegers.



The Great Organ, Haarlem

"What frightful times!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"But what courageous women!" exclaimed her brother. "Don't

you remember Kenan Hasselaar, a refined and noble woman, a widow, who headed a troop of three hundred girls and women, whom she armed with sword, musket, and dagger? No wonder the Spaniards were seven months capturing Haarlem!"

In another room was the museum, and what especially interested them was the collection of curiosities relating to Coster and the discovery of printing.

"Why," said Charles, "I was not so very wrong, after all. Coster was a sexton. His name was Laurenz Janszoon, and he was a sexton of the Great Church."

"Yes," said his father. "The people of Haarlem are determined to believe in their Coster. They have his statue, and they show the house where he was born, and the wood where he cut into the bark of trees and learned how to make movable type; and here they have this museum, with all manner of curiosities. They certainly have persuaded themselves, and now they are doing their best to persuade other people."

"But don't you believe Coster did invent printing, father?"

"If he did, the Haarlem people have not proved it. Their so-called proofs are a bundle of inconsistencies. I have no doubt that in the discovery of printing, as in other inventions, a number of persons were busily experimenting at the same time, and a sexton of Haarlem may have been one of them; but these undated books and his house and statue don't prove it."

"Good-by, Coster," said Sarah, with a wave of her hand. "But I believe you did it, for you were a Dutchman."

"We missed one thing," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as they were seated in the train, on their way back to Amsterdam. "The guide-book says that Haarlem is famous for its hyacinths and tulips."

"To be sure," said her husband; "but I should n't ask to see them in August. Besides, it is the historic tulips that interest us most."

"What do you mean by historic tulips, father?" asked Sarah.

"Did you never hear how Holland once went crazy over bulbs? It was just after Winthrop and his friends came over to Boston that the tulip mania broke out in Holland. People speculated in tulips as now they speculate in railway stocks, and rare bulbs brought as high prices as rare paintings; not only so, but people bought and sold bulbs which did not exist, just as they sometimes do now with stocks. There was one famous variety called the *Semper Augustus*, and it is said that as much as thirteen thousand florins, or, say, over five thousand dollars, was paid for a single *Semper Augustus*; and the absurd thing was that when not a single *Semper Augustus* was to be had they kept on buying and selling it. A few became rich; the money passed rapidly from one pocket to another, and now and then stayed altogether in one man's pocket. One speculator in Amsterdam made as much as sixty-eight thousand florins in four months. At one time there were said to be just two roots of the *Semper Augustus* in the country,—one at Amsterdam, the other at Haarlem. For one of these were offered forty-six hundred florins, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a set of harness; while somebody else made another bid of twelve acres of land. People went on growing crazier and crazier. A cook mistook a tulip for an onion, cooked it, and ate it; and then, when he found out his mistake, he was so horrified and ashamed that he went out and killed himself. After a while, reason came back, as it usually does after a good deal of harm has been done; many suffered, a few learned a lesson, and *Semper Augustus* could be bought for fifty florins."

"Don't tell me that the Dutch have no imagination," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have lost some of my ancestral qualities, I am sure, for I never could imagine a tulip to be worth five thousand dollars."

"They imagined more than that, Blandina," said her husband.



Map of North Holland in 1575.

"They imagined this dry land over which we are traveling."

"Was this once water, father," asked Charles, "like the Back Bay in Boston?"

"A good deal more so, Charles. This was the Haarlem Lake, which was only about fourteen feet deep, but covered about seventy-two square miles. They began to drain it in 1840, and were thirteen years about it. I will show you a map of the country as it was in 1575, when we get back to our hotel, and then another one to show you how the Dutch have changed the looks of things."

"But how did the people get to Amsterdam?"

"They had a causeway at one time, but the water furnished a way, also. They crossed in boats, and in winter, when it was frozen, they skated across. Indeed, there was a battle on skates between the Dutch and the Spaniards."



**THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. BY REMBRANDT**





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garden, with huge trees about it, and inclosed by a brick wall. But there was no wall on the side of the canal, and across that could be seen the garden and the rear of the house.

"Is not this the house that the Queen of Holland lent to Motley, when he was writing 'John of Barneveld?'" asked Mr. Bodley of his brother-in-law.

"No," replied Mr. Van Wyck. "That is the house, yonder, near to the great house; as this is a show place, and is open to visitors, it could scarcely have been a suitable home for a scholar. He must have visited the Queen here, though."

"So did John Adams, before him," said Mr. Bodley. "I remember, in his diary, that Adams speaks of going to the House in the Grove to make his court to the Prince and Princess of Orange."

They came back in the twilight through avenues in the thick wood, paved with brick and lighted by dim lanterns, hung overhead from the trees at rare intervals. They met scarcely any one walking, and but one or two carriages passed them by the way.

Their walks at the Hague took them very soon to the historic centre of the town, to the Vijverberg; that is, the square about the Vijver (pronounced Viver) or Fish-Pond, a sheet of water, upon the southeast side of which stands an irregular pile of buildings, called the Binnenhof. The Fish-Pond has its water pumped into it, which is then allowed to drain away, so that it is kept fresh and clean. There is an island in it, and the children liked to watch the swans that paddled about in the water. They saw one upon the grass, which was moving awkwardly about. It walked as if it had corns on its feet, and could scarcely bear to step upon the ground. But when it had once reached the water, and stepped in, its whole bear-

Holland, and it is still more a place in which nobles and rich people live than a place of trade."

"I shall have no objection to getting away from the dirt and business of Amsterdam," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Well, you will find the Hague a very different place," said her husband. And so she did; and the whole party rejoiced at once in the broad ways, the trees, the quiet, and the occasional absence of straight lines.

"People here," said Mr. Van Wyck, "really seem to be living in houses which they built themselves, and not in those which their ancestors built."

"Yes," said Mr. Bodley. "I have no doubt the Hollanders would vastly rather live in these stucco-front, plate-glass, trim, modern houses; but give me — to look at — the old rat-haunted houses, with their picturesqueness and irregularity. These houses are just the same as we saw at Bremen and Hamburg; and I suppose we shall find them at Paris, too, where, I believe, the fashion was set."

"It is just the same with the shops," said his wife. "There are French goods everywhere. I have scarcely been able to discover a single Dutch doll, and I must carry one home." They were on their way, after tea, as they were talking thus, to the charming Park, which lay just outside of the town. It was pleasant to get amongst old trees, and to be out of sight of canals and ditches, though even now they must needs come upon one sluggish ditch, which cut off from the road the garden which lay about the Huis ten Bosch, or House in the Wood, built in the middle of the seventeenth century by the widow of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, in memory of her husband. It was a substantial and comfortable, but not architecturally beautiful, brick mansion, in a pleasant

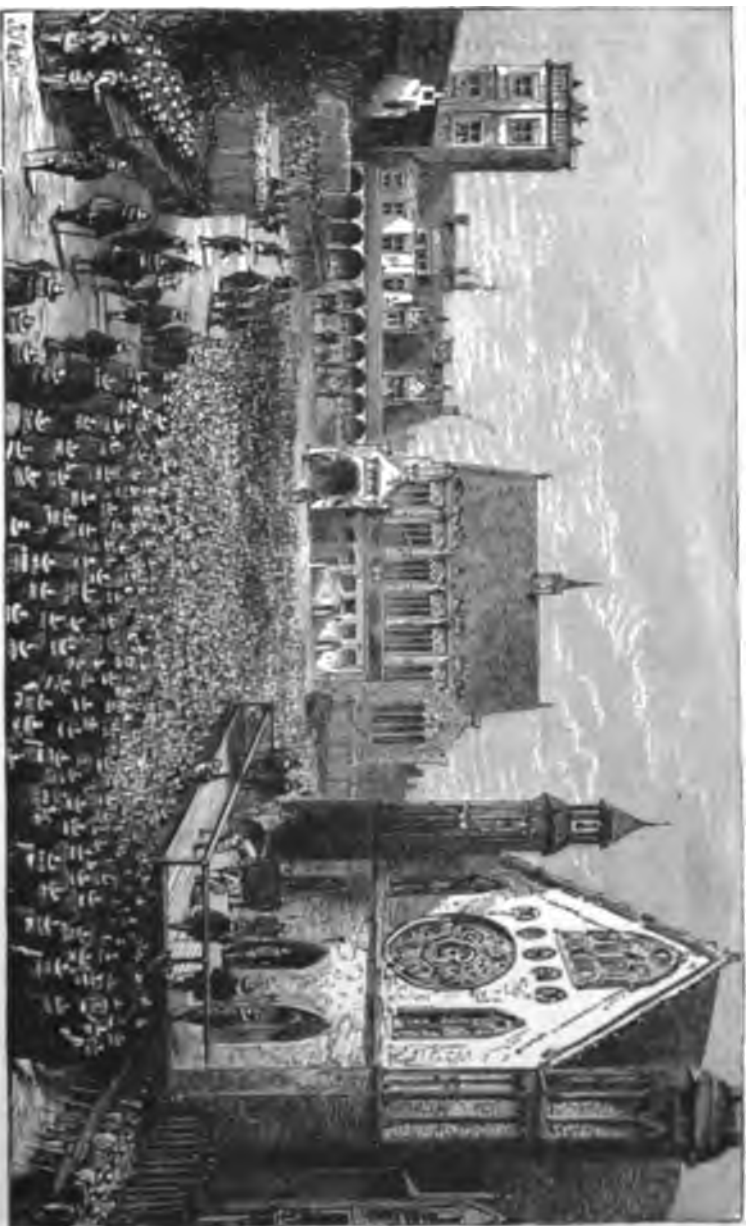
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THE EXECUTION OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD  
FROM MOTLEY'S "THE LIFE OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD."

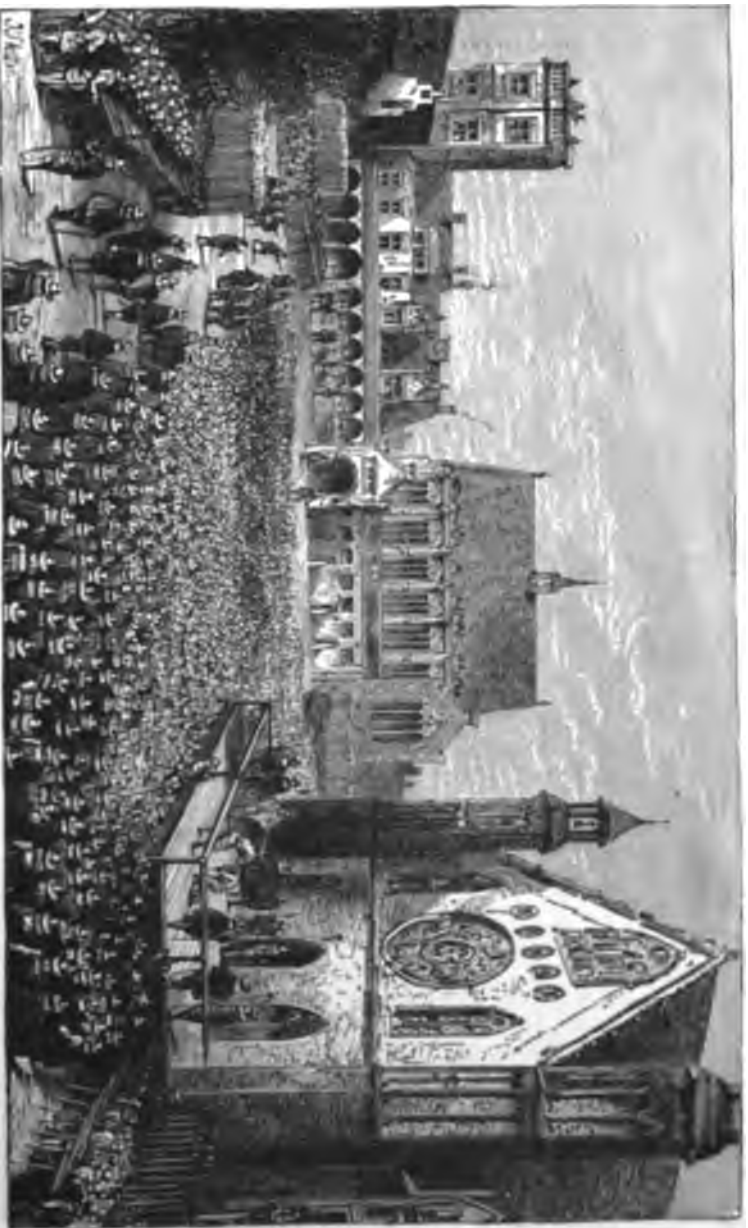
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joined him there, and at length a mob broke into the prison, and, in a fit of fury, killed both brothers."

"You would n't think these stolid Dutchmen would ever get mad," said Charles.

"Why do you go on calling them stolid?" asked his uncle. "When you think of all the magnificent courage which went to found the Dutch Republic, and all the terrible scenes which have taken place about this very spot where we are, stolid is the last word you should use. Think of what has taken place here, for instance, before the great Binnenhof building, the old Hall of the Knights. It was here that John of Barneveld was beheaded. A mob killed the De Witts, but Prince Maurice of Nassau was the man who caused Barneveld to be executed. What terribly earnest people they must have been, when, year after year, they waged such bitter war with each other in politics and religion, and put to death their foremost citizen!"

"Yet," said Mr. Bodley, "I never read this history of John of Barneveld without being reminded of our early New England colonists, and how they quarreled in their religious discussions. If they had been in the midst of an old country, with enemies of the republic on either side, they might have come to as terrible a conclusion."

"The Dutch had wit as well as fury," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember how the great philosopher, Hugo de Groot, John of Barneveld's friend, escaped from the prison he was shut up in?"

"Yes, indeed," said her husband. "Let us read it aloud this evening." So in the quiet evening he took out Motley's "John of Barneveld." "Hugo Grotius, as he was called, after the fashion of latinizing names, or De Groot, in Dutch, belonged to the same party



with Barneveld. I won't undertake to define the two parties of the day; but that to which these men belonged thought of public affairs and of liberty very much more as we in America do to-day than did those to whom they were opposed. The other party was, however, stronger, and when Barneveld was beheaded Grotius was condemned to imprisonment for life. He was shut up in the castle of Loevestein, which is on the river Waal, to the southeast of Rotterdam. Grotius was an author and a scholar, rather than a statesman, but he wrote about state affairs. Because he disagreed with the government, and saw things in a larger way, he was accused of being no patriot, and of conspiring against the government. De Groot's wife — I think I'll give him his Dutch name — had permission to live in the prison, and to have some care of her husband. Now let us see the portrait which Motley draws of him at this time, when he was thirty-six years of age": —

"Possessed of singular personal beauty, tall, brown-haired, straight-featured, with a delicate aquiline nose and piercing dark blue eyes, he was also athletic of frame and a proficient in manly exercises. This was the statesman and the scholar, of whom it is difficult to speak but in terms of affectionate but not exaggerated eulogy, and for whom the Republic of the Netherlands could now find no better use than to shut him up in the grim fortress of Loevestein for the remainder of his days. A commonwealth must have deemed itself rich in men, which, after cutting off the head of Barneveld, could afford to bury alive Hugo Grotius. His deportment in prison was a magnificent moral lesson. Shut up in a kind of cage, consisting of a bedroom and a study, he was debarred from physical exercise, so necessary for his mental and bodily health. Not choosing, for the gratification of Lieutenant Deventer," — that

was the name of his jailer, — “to indulge in weak complaints, he procured a huge top, which he employed himself in whipping several times a day; while for intellectual employment he plunged once more into those classical, juridical, and theological studies which had always employed his leisure hours from childhood upwards.”

“But how did he get his books,” asked Charles, “and his pens and ink? I thought people in prison had to make pens out of tooth-picks, and prick themselves to get blood for ink.”

“Grotius was not so badly off as that. In fact, it was through the sending back and forth of books that he finally escaped. But listen, and you shall hear”: —

“His friends had not forgotten him, as he lay there, living, in his tomb. Especially the learned Scriverius Vossius and other professors were permitted to correspond with him at intervals on literary subjects, the letters being subjected to preliminary inspection. Scriverius sent him many books from his well-stocked library, — De Groot’s own books and papers having been confiscated by the government. At a somewhat later period, the celebrated Orientalist, Erpenius, sent him, from time to time, a large chest of books, the precious freight being occasionally renewed, and the chest passing to and from Loevestein by way of Gorcum. At this town lived a sister of Erpenius, married to one Daatselaer, a considerable dealer in thread and ribbons, which he exported to England. The house of Daatselaer became a place of constant resort for Madame de Groot, as well as the wife of Hoogerbeets, both dames” —

“Who was Hoogerbeets?” asked Sarah. “We have n’t heard of him.”

“He was a fellow-prisoner of De Groot’s,” — “both dames going every few days from the castle across the Waal to Gorcum, to make

their various purchases for the use of their forlorn little households in the prison. Madame Daatselaer, therefore, received and forwarded into Loevestein, or into Holland, many parcels and boxes, besides attending to the periodical transmission of the mighty chest of books."

"Depend upon it," said Sarah, "that 's the way De Groot is going to escape."

"Sh! Sarah," said her uncle. "You must not let the cat out of the bag."

"Or De Groot out of the box," said she, saucily. "But go on, Uncle Nathan."

"And thus," went on Mr. Bodley, reading, "nearly two years wore away. Spinning his great top for exercise; soothing his active and prolific brain with Greek tragedy, with Flemish verse, with jurisprudence, history, theology; creating, expounding, adorning, by the warmth of his vivid intellect; moving the world, and doing good to his race from the depths of his stony sepulchre, Hugo Grotius rose superior to his doom, and took captivity captive. The man is not to be envied who is not moved by so noble an example of great calamity manfully endured."

"There 's an example for you, Charles," said his father.

"Well, if I am ever shut up in Fort Lafayette, don't fail to send me,—let me see, my 'Young Folks Cyclopædia of Common Things;' perhaps that will be the most useful book. But do come to the escape, papa. Did Madame Grotius smuggle a rope-ladder in?"

"That is what the government heard, and they sent post-haste to Loevestein; but the rumor had no truth, and they were sure one could as easily fly out of the fortress with wings as escape by a rope-ladder. Let us go on."

"A few months later, Madame de Groot happened to be in the house of Daatselaer, on one of her periodical visits to Gorcum. Conversation turning on these rumors of attempts at escape, she asked Madame Daatselaer if she would not be much embarrassed should Grotius suddenly make his appearance there. 'Oh, no,' said the good woman, with a laugh: 'only let him come. We will take excellent care of him.' At another visit, one Saturday, 20th March, Madame de Groot asked her friend why all the bells of Gorcum were ringing. 'Because to-morrow begins our yearly fair,' replied Dame Daatselaer. 'Well, I suppose that all exiles and outlaws may come to Gorcum on this occasion,' said Madame de Groot. 'Such is the law, they say,' answered her friend. 'And my husband might come, too?' 'No doubt,' said Madame Daatselaer, with a merry laugh, rejoiced at finding the wife of Grotius able to speak so cheerfully of her husband in his perpetual and hopeless captivity. 'Send him hither. He shall have a warm welcome.' 'What a good woman you are!' said Madame de Groot, with a sigh, as she rose to take leave. 'But you know very well that if he were a bird he could never get out of the castle, so closely is he caged there.' Next morning a wild equinoctial storm was howling around the battlements of the castle. Of a sudden, Cornelia, daughter of the De Groots, nine years of age, said to her mother, without any reason whatever, —

"'To-morrow, papa must be off to Gorcum, whatever the weather may be.'

"De Groot, as well as his wife, was aghast at the child's remark, and took it as a direct indication from Heaven. For while Madame Daatselaer had considered the recent observations of her visitor from Loevestein as idle jests, and perhaps wondered that Madame

de Groot could be frivolous and apparently light-hearted on so dismal a topic, there had been really a hidden meaning in her words. For several weeks past the prisoner had been brooding over a means of escape. His wife, whose every thought was devoted to him, had often cast her eyes on the great chest, or trunk, in which the books of Erpenius had been conveyed between Loevestein and Gorcum for the use of the prisoner. At first the trunk had been carefully opened, and its contents examined, every time it entered or left the castle. As nothing had ever been found in it, save Hebrew, Greek, and Latin folios, uninviting enough to the commandant, that warrior had gradually ceased to inspect the chest very closely, and had at last discontinued the practice altogether.

"It had been kept for some weeks past in the prisoner's study. His wife thought — although it was two finger-breadths less than four feet in length, and not very broad or deep in proportion — that it might be possible for him to get into it."

"I told you so," said Sarah, triumphantly.

"He was considerably above middle height," her Uncle Nathan went on, "but found that by curling himself up very closely he could just manage to lie in it with the cover closed. Very secretly they had many times rehearsed the scheme which had now taken possession of their minds, but had not breathed a word of it to any one. He had lain in the chest, with the lid fastened, and with his wife sitting upon the top of it, two hours at a time by the hour-glass. They had decided at last that the plan, though fraught with danger, was not absolutely impossible, and they were only waiting now for a favorable opportunity. The chance remark of the child Cornelia settled the time for hazarding the adventure. By a strange coincidence, too, the commandant of the fortress, Lieutenant Deventer,

had just been promoted to a captaincy, and was to go to Heusden to receive his company. He left the castle for a brief absence that very Sunday evening. As a precautionary measure, the trunk, filled with books, had been sent to Gorcum, and returned after the usual interval, only a few days before. The maid-servant of the De Groot, a young girl of twenty, Elsje van Houwening by name, quick, intelligent, devoted, and courageous, was now taken into their confidence. The scheme was explained to her, and she was asked if she were willing to take the chest under her charge with her master in it, instead of the usual freight of books, and accompany it to Gorcum. She naturally asked what punishment could be inflicted upon her in case the plot were discovered.

“ ‘None legally,’ answered her master ; ‘but I, too, am innocent of any crime, and you see to what sufferings I have been condemned.’

“ ‘Whatever come of it,’ said Elsje, stoutly, ‘I will take the risk and accompany my master.’ Every detail was then secretly arranged, and it was provided beforehand, as well as possible, what should be said or done in the many contingencies that might arise. On Sunday evening, Madame de Groot then went to the wife of the commandant, with whom she had always been on more friendly terms than with her malicious husband. She had also recently propitiated her affections by means of venison and other dainties brought from Gorcum. She expressed the hope that, notwithstanding the absence of Captain Deventer, she might be permitted to send the trunk full of books next day from the castle. ‘My husband is wearing himself out,’ she said, ‘with his perpetual studies. I shall be glad for a little time to be rid of some of these folios.’ The commandant’s wife made no objection to this slight request.

“On Monday morning the gale continued to beat with unabated violence on the turrets. The turbid Waal, swollen by the tempest, rolled darkly and dangerously along the castle walls. But the die was cast. Grotius rose betimes, fell on his knees, and prayed fervently an hour long. Dressed only in linen underclothes, with a pair of silk stockings, he got into the chest, with the help of his wife. The big Testament of Erpenius, with some bunches of thread placed upon it, served him as a pillow. A few books and papers were placed in the interstices left by the curves of the body, and as much pains as possible taken to prevent his being seriously injured or incommoded during the hazardous journey he was contemplating. His wife then took solemn farewell of him, fastened the lock, which she kissed, and gave the key to Elsje. The usual garments worn by the prisoner were thrown on a chair by the bedside, and his slippers placed before it. Madame de Groot then returned to her bed, drew the curtains close, and rang the bell.

“It was answered by the servant who usually waited on the prisoner, and who was now informed by the lady that it had been her intention to go herself to Gorcum, taking charge of the books, which were valuable. As the weather was so tempestuous, however, and as she was somewhat indisposed, it had been decided that Elsje should accompany the trunk. She requested that some soldiers might be sent, as usual, to take it down to the vessel. Two or three of the garrison came, accordingly, and seeing the clothes and slippers of Grotius lying about, and the bed-curtains closed, felt no suspicion. On lifting the chest, however, one of them said, half in jest, —

“‘The Arminian must be in it himself, it seems so heavy.’

“‘Not the Arminian,’ replied Madame de Groot, in a careless

voice from the bed, 'only heavy Arminian books.' Partly lifting, partly dragging, the ponderous box, the soldiers managed to get it down the stairs, and through the thirteen barred and bolted doors. Four several times one or other of the soldiers expressed the opinion that Grotius himself must be locked within it; but they never spoke quite seriously, and Elsje was ever ready to turn aside the remark with a jest. A soldier's wife, just as the box was approaching the wharf, told a story of a malefactor who had once been carried out of the castle in a chest. 'And if a malefactor, why not a lawyer?' she added. A soldier said he would get a gimlet and bore a hole into the Arminian. 'Then you must get a gimlet that will reach to the top of the castle, where the Arminian lies abed and asleep,' said Elsje.

"Not much heed was given to this careless talk, the soldiers, before leaving the chamber of Grotius, having satisfied themselves that there were no apertures in the chest save the keyhole, and that it would be impossible by that means alone for sufficient air to penetrate to keep a man inclosed in it from smothering. Madame De-venter was asked if she chose to inspect the contents of the trunk, and she inquired whether the commandant had been wont so to do. When told that such search had been for a long time discontinued, as nothing had ever been found there but books, she observed that there was no reason why she should be more strict than her husband, and ordered the soldiers to take their heavy load to the vessel.

"Elsje insisted that the boatmen should place a doubly thick plank for sliding the box on board, as it seemed probable, she said, that the usual one would break in two, and then the valuable books borrowed of Professor Erpenius would be damaged or destroyed.



The request caused much further grumbling, but was complied with at last, and the chest deposited on the deck. The wind still continued to blow with great fury, and as soon as the sails were set the vessel keeled over so much that Elsje implored the skipper to cause the box to be securely lashed, as it seemed in imminent danger, at the first lurch of the vessel, of sliding into the sea. This done, Elsje sat herself down, and threw her white handkerchief over her head, letting it flutter in the wind. One of the crew asked her why she did so, and she replied that the servant in the castle had been tormenting her, saying that she would never dare to sail to Gorcum in such tempestuous weather, and she was now signaling him that she had been as good as her word. Thereupon she continued to wave the handkerchief. In reality the signal was for her mistress, who was now straining her eyes from the barred window which looked out upon the Waal, and with whom the maid had agreed that if all went prosperously she would give this token of success. Otherwise, she would sit with her head in her hands. During the voyage, an officer of the garrison, who happened to be on board, threw himself upon the chest as a convenient seat, and began drumming and pounding with his heels upon it. The ever-watchful Elsje, feeling the dreadful inconvenience to the prisoner of these proceedings, who, perhaps, was already smothering, and would struggle for air if not relieved, politely addressed the gentleman, and induced him to remove to another seat, by telling him that, besides the books, there was some valuable porcelain in the chest, which might easily be broken.

“No further incident occurred. The wind, although violent, was favorable, and Gorcum in due time was reached. Elsje insisted upon having her own precious freight carried first into the town, although

the skipper for some time was obstinately bent on leaving it to the very last, while all the other merchandise in the vessel should be previously unshipped. At last, on promise of payment of ten stuivers, which was considered an exorbitant sum, the skipper and son agreed to transport the chest between them on a hand-barrow. While they were trudging with it to the town, the son remarked to his father that there was some living thing in the box. For the prisoner, in the anguish of his confinement, had not been able to restrain a slight movement.

“‘Do you hear what my son says?’ cried the skipper to Elsjé. ‘He says you have got something alive in your trunk.’

“‘Yes, yes,’ replied the cheerful maid-servant; ‘Arminian books are always alive, always full of motion and spirit.’ They arrived at Daatselaer’s house, moving with difficulty through the crowd, which, notwithstanding the boisterous weather, had been collected by the annual fair. Many people were assembled in front of the building, which was a warehouse of great resort, while next door was a book-seller’s shop, thronged with professors, clergymen, and other literary persons. The carriers accordingly entered by the back way, and Elsjé, deliberately paying them their ten stuivers, and seeing them depart, left the box lying in a room at the rear, and hastened to the shop in front. Here she found the thread and ribbon dealer and his wife, busy with their customers, unpacking and exhibiting their wares. She instantly whispered in Madame Daatselaer’s ear, ‘I have got my master here in your back parlor.’ The dame turned white as a sheet, and was near fainting on the spot. It was the first imprudence Elsjé had committed. The good woman recovered somewhat of her composure, by a strong effort, however, and instantly went with Elsjé to the rear of the house.

“ ‘Master! master!’ cried Elsie, rapping on the chest. There was no answer.

“ ‘My God! my God!’ shrieked the poor maid-servant. ‘My poor master is dead!’

“ ‘Ah!’ said Madame Daatselaer, ‘your mistress has made a bad business of it. Yesterday she had a living husband. Now she has a dead one.’ But soon there was a vigorous rap on the inside of the lid, and a cry from the prisoner: ‘Open the chest! I am not dead, but did not at first recognize your voice.’ The lock was instantly unfastened, the lid thrown open, and Grotius arose in his linen clothing like a dead man from his coffin. The dame instantly accompanied the two through a trap-door into an upper room. Grotius asked her if she was always so deadly pale.

“ ‘No,’ she replied, ‘but I am frightened to see you here. My lord is no common person. The whole world is talking of you. I fear this will cause the loss of all my property, and perhaps bring my husband into prison in your place.’

“Grotius rejoined, ‘I made my prayers to God before as much as this had been gained, and I have just been uttering fervent thanks to Him for my deliverance so far as it has been effected. But if the consequences are to be as you fear, I am ready at once to get into the chest again, and be carried back to prison.’

“But she answered, ‘No; whatever comes of it, we have you here, and will do all that we can to help you on.’ Grotius being faint from his sufferings, the lady brought him a glass of Spanish wine, but was too much flustered to find even a cloak or shawl to throw over him. Leaving him sitting there in his very thin attire, just as he had got out of the chest, she went to the front warehouse to call her husband. But he prudently declined to go to his unex-

pected guest. It would be better in the examination sure to follow, he said, for him to say with truth that he had not seen him, and knew nothing of the escape from first to last.

“Grotius entirely approved of the answer when told to him. Meantime, Madame Daatselaer had gone to her brother-in-law, Van der Veen, a clothier by trade, whom she found in his shop, talking with an officer of the Loevestein garrison. She whispered in the clothier’s ear, and he, making an excuse to the officer, followed her home at once. They found Grotius sitting where he had been left. Van der Veen gave him his hand, saying, —

“‘Sir, you are the man of whom the whole country is talking?’

“‘Yes, here I am,’ was the reply, ‘and I put myself in your hands.’

“‘There is n’t a moment to lose,’ replied the clothier. ‘We must help you away at once.’ He went immediately in search of one John Lambertsen, a man in whom he knew he could confide; a Lutheran in religion, a master-mason by occupation. He found him on a scaffold against the gable end of a house, working at his trade. He told him that there was a good deed to be done, that his conscience would never reproach him for it, and that he would, at the same time, earn no trifling reward. He begged the mason to procure a complete dress as for a journeyman, and to follow him to the house of his brother-in-law, Daatselaer. Lambertsen soon made his appearance with the doublet, trunk-hose, and shoes of a bricklayer, together with trowel and measuring-rod. He was informed who his new journeyman was to be, and Grotius at once put on the disguise.

“The doublet did not reach to the waistband of the trunk-hose, while those nether garments stopped short of his knees; the whole attire belonging to a smaller man than the unfortunate statesman.

His delicate white hands, much exposed by the shortness of the sleeves, looked very unlike those of a day-laborer, and altogether the new mason presented a somewhat incongruous and woe-begone aspect. Grotius was fearful, too, lest some of the preachers and professors frequenting the book-shop next door would recognize him through his disguise. Madame Daatselaer smeared his face and hands with chalk and plaster, however, and whispered encouragement; and so, with a felt hat slouched over his forehead and a yardstick in his hand, he walked calmly forth into the thronged market-place and through the town to the ferry, accompanied by the friendly Lambertsen. It had been agreed that Van der Veen should leave the house in another direction, and meet them at the landing-place.

“When they got to the ferry they found the weather as boisterous as ever. The boatmen absolutely refused to make the dangerous crossing of the Merwede, over which their course lay to the land of Altona, and so into the Spanish Netherlands, for two such insignificant personages as this mason and his scarecrow journeyman. Lambertsen assured them that it was of the utmost importance that he should cross the water at once. He had a large contract for purchasing stone at Altona for a public building, on which he was engaged. Van der Veen, coming up, added his entreaties, protesting that he, too, was interested in this great stone purchase; and so by means of offering a larger price than they at first dared to propose, they were able to effect their passage.

“After landing, Lambertsen and Grotius walked to Waalwyk, Van der Veen returning the same evening to Gorcum. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they reached Waalwyk, where a carriage was hired to convey the fugitive to Antwerp. The friendly

mason here took leave of his illustrious journeyman, having first told the driver that his companion was a disguised bankrupt, fleeing from Holland into foreign territory to avoid pursuit by his creditors. This would explain his slightly concealing his face in passing through a crowd in any village. Grotius proved so ignorant of the value of different coins, in making small payments on the road, that the honest wagoner, on being occasionally asked who the odd-looking stranger was, answered that he was a bankrupt; and no wonder, for he did not know one piece of money from another. For his part, he thought him little better than a fool. Such was the depreciatory opinion formed by the Waalwyk coachman as to the 'rising light of the world, and the miracle of Holland.' They traveled all night, and, arriving on the morning of the 21st within a few leagues of Antwerp, met a patrol of soldiers, who asked Grotius for his passport. He inquired in whose service they were, and was told in that of 'Red Rod,' as the chief bailiff of Antwerp was called. That functionary happened to be near, and the traveler, approaching him, said that his passport was on his feet, and forthwith told him his name and story."

"And they did n't catch him?" asked Charles.

"No. He was safe in the enemy's country. Holland would not allow him to come back; but he never turned traitor, and he won a great name, which helps now to make Holland famous."

"What became of his wife and Elsie?" asked Sarah. "I should think Lieutenant Deventer might have been in a rage."

"So he was. 'He flew to Gorcum,' Motley says, 'to browbeat the Daatselaers, and to search the famous trunk. He found in it the big New Testament and some skeins of thread, together with an octavo or two of theology and of Greek tragedies; but the Arminian

was not in it, and was gone from the custody of the valiant Deventer forever.' It was of no use to detain Madame Grotius, and, after some delay, she was released, and joined her husband. Elsje afterward married the servant of Grotius, perhaps the one whom she pretended to be waving her handkerchief to. Grotius had taught him while in prison, and he rose to be a respectable lawyer."

"Just when did all this happen?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"It was in 1621; only a year after the Pilgrims had left Holland."

"Then they were there when Barneveld was executed?"

"Yes; and I think it very likely that the bitter dissensions in Holland had a good deal to do with determining them to leave the country. We shall know more about this when we come to visit Leyden."

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## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE EDGE OF THE NORTH SEA.

THE hot August days recalled the delights of the sea which the children had in their American home, as when, for instance, they went to Prout's Neck and plunged into the surf, or watched the spouting-horn from the cool shelter of the rocks. So, like all the rest of the people at the Hague, they made a little excursion to the fishing village of Scheveningen, three miles away. There was more than one way of going. They might have gone by canal; or they could have taken the agile, quiet train of cars, with its dummy engine, which turned corners suddenly, and shot over the ground noiselessly; or they could have climbed to the top of the street-car which went from the Vijverberg, but they chose to walk leisurely.

They went more than once. The first time was at the close of the day, after dinner, and the air tempted them to walk. They went past the palaces, through Wilhelm's Park, and so entered the deep shade which extends on either side of the long avenue. The avenue was paved with brick, like so many Dutch roads, for heavy teams which might crush the bricks are almost unknown. It was lined with trees, and on either side of the broad roadway were two narrow ones, one of which was used by the horse-cars, while at a higher level a pleasant footpath extended almost the whole distance.

The village lies along a trim street, with its end toward the sea, but there is no view of the ocean from it. Between the village and the beach is a great hill, or sand-dune, as it is called, formed of the drifted sand. This sand-dune had the sturdy, sharp beach-grass growing in tufts upon it; but instead of being left to take care of itself, and be a nuisance when not picturesque, it had been taken in hand by the diligent Dutchmen, and reduced to some sort of order. The slope lying toward the sea was paved with blocks of stone; a broad brick esplanade had been laid along the summit of the dune, and another at the foot of the stone bank;



The Road from the Hague to Scheveningen.



then back of the esplanade, at the top, had been built on this bed of sand a row of brick cottages and large hotels.

"I think that must be Sisypheus before us," said Mrs. Van Wyck, as they came upon a man who was patiently sweeping the sand which had blown up on the brick walk, making little piles of it, and shoveling it into a barrow.

"I'd wait, at least, till the wind went down," said Sarah; "but what a comfort this brick walk is! I am afraid it will be a long while before we get a brick walk through the deep sand down to the beach at Prout's."

"But what are those droll-looking little huts?" exclaimed Charles.

"Oh, those are beach chairs," said his father. "We shall see how jolly they are when we get nearer to them."

It was low tide, and a broad, hard floor extended for a mile or two. Great clumsy Dutch fishing boats were strewn at intervals along the beach, waiting, apparently, for the tide to come in and float them off. By their sides were carts, loaded with fishing nets, which men were hauling aboard. Each boat seemed to have its own little family life about it, small Dutchwomen being busy gathering drift-wood, or otherwise at work.

"It's lucky these boats have rudders at one end," said Charles, scornfully. "One is able to tell the bow from the stern without asking. But I don't see how in the world they are ever going to sea. They sink in the sand as if they would rot here."

"The men put them on rollers, Charles," said his uncle, "and get them down in that way, and the tide does the rest. But how the wind does blow!" The wind did indeed blow. It was from the south, and swept across the great sand-dune, bringing the light, dry

sand down upon the beach. The sand did not rise much above the surface of the hard, dark floor of the solid beach, but eddied about and skimmed over it, looking like vapor just about to rise from the surface, or giving the dark sand the appearance of being watered, like a piece of *moire antique* silk. The scene was a picture, delicate, changing, and full of a subtle beauty. Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable to walk against the fine sand. Almost every one, except the few fishermen, had left the beach, and so Mr. Bodley and his party took shelter in one of the great hotels, where they ate ices, and listened to music, and looked off upon the gray sea. Then they took the horse-car back to the Hague.

On the way back, Mr. Van Wyck told them the story of Willem Beukels.

"You remember the statue," he said, "of William of Orange, which we passed as we came out here. He was the great leader of the Dutch against the Spanish under Philip II., but it is not at all certain that the Dutch would have thrown off the Spanish rule if it had not been for a little fish and for Willem Beukels. Think how the world gets turned about, sometimes! Charles the Fifth, the great Emperor and father of Philip II., paid a visit to the tomb of Beukels, in the church at Biervliet, and ate a herring and drank a glass of wine in his honor. Philip II. lost the Holland dominion, partly because it had grown rich and independent by means of Willem Beukels. He was a poor fisherman, who lived before the year 1400, on the banks of the Sluys, which empties into the North Sea near Flushing. Like his father and grandfather before him, he earned his living by catching herrings, which he salted in heaps. But of course they could only be used in the neighborhood, and it was not worth while to catch many. It seems a simple thing to

“ Dr. Holmes was not at Leyden when he wrote the poem, Sarah. He was at Plymouth, or pretended to be there. Now don't interrupt me again.”

He sleeps not here ; in hope and prayer  
His wandering flock had gone before,  
But he, the shepherd, might not share  
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,  
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,  
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,  
The pastor spake, and thus he said :

“ Men, brethren, sisters, children dear !  
God calls you hence from over sea ;  
Ye may not build by Haarlem Meer,  
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“ Ye go to bear the saving word  
To tribes unnamed and shore untrod :  
Heed well the lessons ye have heard  
From those old teachers taught of God.

“ Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways :

“ The living fountain overflows  
For every flock, for every lamb,  
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose  
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake : with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

Charles was delighted with his. It had two windows, one on either side, a looking-glass, a bench to sit on, a footstool, and a cork floater. He began to undress, when the cart gave a lurch. He sat down suddenly, and found he was being hauled somewhere. When he opened the door to step down the two or three steps which he had climbed in entering, he found his cart was in eighteen inches of water, but the horse had been taken out. His father and his uncle were just dismounting from their carts, and they all began wading out over the furrowed bottom, which fell and rose; and at last they reached the surf, which was not very strong, — a comb of water, merely, tumbling lazily upon the shoal water. Charles, who was a good swimmer, plunged in and struck out to get a good lift upon the breakers, when he heard a great shouting behind him, and turning back, saw a man in an oil-skin suit, who was wading in water up to his knees and brandishing a stick.

“Come back!” he seemed to cry. Charles could not understand Dutch, but he could make out the sign language, and he made his way back.

“That man evidently thinks you are a very rash boy,” said his father, who was swimming back and forth. “I am afraid we don’t appreciate the great care which the Hague takes of bathers. The city sends that man out to see that we don’t get drowned.”

“Just as I was beginning to have some fun!” said Charles.

“Nathan,” said Mr. Van Wyck, who came puffing up, “this is



A Dutch Bathing-Machine.

"Look! here in the corner are some of the very same foot-stoves that our grandparents used to take to the meeting-house in the winter." To be sure, there was a little pile of these quaint stoves, not a whit different from what they had often seen in America.

"The Dutch must have brought these to New Amsterdam," said Mrs. Bodley.

"I don't know if they are English, also," said her husband; "but our New England ancestors certainly had them. It is possible that they brought them from Holland."



Town Hall, Leyden.

Their walk along the principal thoroughfare of Leyden showed them the ancient Town Hall, with its curious inscription.

"What does the Dutch mean, father?" asked Charles. "You have the guide-book."

"It means, 'When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much

as we could wish,' and the letters of the inscription tell the year of the siege and how long it lasted."

"Why, how can they?"

"The capitals tell the date. You are to count the W's as two

away, refreshed by their little excursion. They climbed up to the top of the sand-dune, and looked back upon the beach.

"After all, give me Prout's," said Charles.

"Hoh, you 're getting homesick," said his cousin, with some disdain in her voice.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### LEYDEN.

As Amsterdam had been a convenient place from which to make excursions, so the Hague was another centre, and one day our little party took the railway-train to Leyden, only ten miles away.

"Now surely," said Charles, "we shall find some signs of the Pilgrim Fathers, for I have always read that they lived at Leyden. I never thought of them as having much to do with Amsterdam."

"They came to Leyden from Amsterdam," said his father, "and it was here that they were living when they pulled up their tent stakes and made ready to cross to America."

"And it was here," added Mrs. Van Wyck, "that they left behind their pastor, the great John Robinson."

"And his name is about all that remains in the way of memorials to the Fathers in Leyden," said her brother. "We shall discover it before we get through our walk."

"What makes the houses tip so?" asked Sarah. "Nothing seems to be perpendicular."

"I think Leyden is worse than other Holland towns in this," said her uncle. "Like the other cities, it is built on piles, and the settling of the foundations has thrown the buildings over in this alarm-

ing fashion. How quiet the town is! Yet once it had a hundred thousand inhabitants."

"There are three queer-looking ones now," said his wife. "What are they doing?"

"A most appropriate thing for Leyden. They are out giving notices of a funeral. Those black-edged circulars announce the death of some one. People in Holland send round these melancholy-looking fellows with invitations to a funeral just as we would send out cards to a wedding. But let us hunt up John Robinson and the University, for they are close together."



Deliverer of Invitations to a Funeral.

They found the University buildings, but it was vacation, and no students were about. All the easier was it to ramble about the halls, and look leisurely at the few curiosities which were to be seen. The principal building was occupied by washwomen and workmen, and the Bodleys walked up the staircase and peeped into the various rooms, which had over the doorways the names *Facultas Medica*, *Facultas Theologica*, and so forth. They came upon an ancient-looking chapel, which had the usual look of college chapels, as being much sat in by uneasy men. The walls of the staircase and corridors were curiously adorned with drawings in charcoal on the white plaster, done by students.

"Well," said Charles, "I wonder what Cousin Ned would think of this! I don't believe they let the students draw on the walls of his college."

"No," laughed his father; "and yet they seem to be rather proud of these here. Some of them are quite well done." In one place a father and mother were weeping over the return home of their son, with umbrella and portmanteau. He had evidently failed to get admitted. There was another group representing a father, mother, and sister coming to visit a student, the father exclaiming, "Tu Marcellus eris!"

"Translate that, Charles," said his father.

"Thou shalt be Marcellus."

"Yes, or 'You shall be Marcellus.' Latin is n't necessarily on stilts. You have n't read Virgil, so you can't tell us about the young Marcellus. However, he was to be a prodigy of learning and goodness." Over the door of the examination room was written the only line in Dante which everybody knows: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here." On one side of the open door was seen the bewildered and distracted young man who had failed; on the other, the smiling one who had succeeded.

"Was it because of the University that the Pilgrims came here?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck, as they sauntered away from the building.

"Probably it had something to do with it," said her brother. "At any rate, we may guess that John Robinson was better pleased to be here amongst scholars than in the more commercial city of Amsterdam. The University was not a venerable institution then. It was but thirty or forty years old. It is n't the age of a university, but only the learned men who compose it, that determines how important it is."

"What always surprised me," said Mrs. Bodley, "was that the University should have been founded just after the terrible siege."

"It is strange," said her husband, "if we think only of the fear-



ful scenes of that siege ; but it is not strange, if we think that Leyden showed, by its courage and endurance, how capable it was of great things. Great things in art and literature and science are more possible to a people who could bear such a siege than to those who only want peace and comfort. The University came, you know, as a reward to the people of Leyden. The Prince of Orange granted to the city a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes, and also established this University. Do you remember the festivities with which they opened it ? ”

“ No, though I think Motley describes it.”

“ Yes ; we have to go to Motley for everything of the kind, and to-night we 'll read about it. I won't spoil it by my half-remembrance.” Thus, when they were back at the Hague in the evening, they read Motley's account, which I will give here, that we may not wait till the end of the Leyden day : —

“ On the 5th of February, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter, a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure, arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men-at-arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise of the heal-

genuine Delft ware. There is only one manufactory now in the place, and the old ware is as dear in Delft as anywhere."

"Don't disturb my illusions, Nathan. Have n't I read about Delft and its pottery? Don't tell me there is no pottery and no Delft. It's a very little while since Mr. Longfellow wrote *Keramos*. Don't you remember?"



Delft in the Distance.

"What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with *fleurs-de-lis*

tened to an eloquent oration by the Reverend Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.”<sup>1</sup>

Not far from the University, in the street called Kloksteeg, and opposite the Church of St. Peter, in the face of a wall which shuts in a garden, is a tablet with the words: —

“ ON THIS SPOT LIVED  
TAUGHT AND DIED  
JOHN ROBINSON  
1611-1625 ”

The party stood before this stone, and then, finding a gate open, stepped within, and looked into the garden.

“ This is probably the same garden,” said Mr. Bodley, “ which was occupied by Robinson, when, with some others, he bought a house, not now standing, which faced on the Kloksteeg. One of those who bought with him was William Jepson, a carpenter, who built twenty-one little houses at the back of the garden, for the use of the members of the little church; but they must have gone long since, like Robinson’s house. This appears now to be an almshouse and its grounds. I am glad that such a descent has occurred. Robinson was a most charitable man, and I hope the people who administer the almshouse have at least as much charity for the bodies as Robinson had for the souls of men.”

“ But I don’t think I know who John Robinson was,” said Sarah, humbly. “ I’ve said Jack Robinson quickly; but I don’t suppose he was the same man.”

<sup>1</sup> *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, ii., 581, 582.

“He was the pastor of the church at Leyden, which numbered about three hundred souls. When it was proposed to try the American shores, less than half the number went, for it was not certain how the venture would turn out, and, besides that, some did not wish to go; it was well to keep a place of refuge for the others, should they think best to abandon the enterprise. Now, since the lesser half sailed to America, the elder of the church, who was subordinate to the pastor, went with them, while the pastor remained at Leyden. The elder was Elder Brewster, whose name is so sweet in our early records; the pastor was John Robinson, and he lived here for five years more, when he died, and was buried in St. Peter's, opposite. He is chiefly remembered by a Farewell Address which he gave to those who left, and which breathes a delightful spirit. It was kept in memory by Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrims, who wrote it down from recollection, and so it has been preserved. In it are words which have become famous: ‘If God should reveal anything to us,’ Winslow reports Robinson as saying, ‘by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry:’ for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, “now I remember the lines which Dr. Holmes wrote. I knew I had somewhere in my head something about John Robinson. Listen, children; I will recite, right here, in the most appropriate place in the world,” —

#### ROBINSON AT LEYDEN.

He sleeps not here.

“But he does sleep here,” objected Sarah. “Uncle Nathan just said he was buried in the church opposite.”

“ Dr. Holmes was not at Leyden when he wrote the poem, Sarah. He was at Plymouth, or pretended to be there. Now don't interrupt me again.”

He sleeps not here ; in hope and prayer  
His wandering flock had gone before,  
But he, the shepherd, might not share  
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,  
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,  
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,  
The pastor spake, and thus he said :

“ Men, brethren, sisters, children dear !  
God calls you hence from over sea ;  
Ye may not build by Haarlem Meer,  
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“ Ye go to bear the saving word  
To tribes unnamed and shore untrod :  
Heed well the lessons ye have heard  
From those old teachers taught of God.

“ Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways :

“ The living fountain overflows  
For every flock, for every lamb,  
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose  
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake : with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
 The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,  
 And grated soon with lifting keel  
 The sullen shores of fatherland.

No home for these ! too well they knew  
 The mitred king behind the throne ;  
 The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
 And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,  
 The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,  
 Who won for us this virgin earth,  
 And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —  
 In alien earth the exiles lie, —  
 Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,  
 His words our noblest battle-cry !

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,  
 Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !  
 Ye have not built by Haarlem Meer,  
 Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

When Mrs. Van Wyck had ended her little recitation, at which a Dutch boy looked on with stolid countenance, they made their way across the street to St. Peter's Church. It was a large, bare, well-proportioned building, with monuments in it. But their talk about Robinson was nearest to their minds.

"I wonder," said Mr. Van Wyck, "if the poor Pilgrims, who worshiped in their wooden shed in Plymouth, did not now and then think of this great church, and remember how they had trod its pavement."

"They probably thought of it in cold weather," said his wife.

"Look! here in the corner are some of the very same foot-stoves that our grandparents used to take to the meeting-house in the winter." To be sure, there was a little pile of these quaint stoves, not a whit different from what they had often seen in America.

"The Dutch must have brought these to New Amsterdam," said Mrs. Bodley.

"I don't know if they are English, also," said her husband; "but our New England ancestors certainly had them. It is possible that they brought them from Holland."



Town Hall, Leyden.

Their walk along the principal thoroughfare of Leyden showed them the ancient Town Hall, with its curious inscription.

"What does the Dutch mean, father?" asked Charles. "You have the guide-book."

"It means, 'When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much

as we could wish,' and the letters of the inscription tell the year of the siege and how long it lasted."

"Why, how can they?"

"The capitals tell the date. You are to count the W's as two

V's ; the M, of course, is a thousand ; the C's are a hundred each ; the L's are fifty ; the V's are five ; and the I's one. You have to add them all together, to make 1574. Then the letters, small and large, count one each, and make 131 in all, the number of days that the siege lasted."

"I mean to try it now," said Charles, planting himself resolutely on the opposite side of the street, and beginning to count.

"Oh, come, you'll never satisfy yourself," said his father. "You can't make out the inscription in the stone. But we have it in the guide-book, and you can count it there." So the procession moved on, and came to a halt, finally, at a big mound near the middle of the town, called the Burg, and attached to a hotel where they were to lunch.

"This is a place of unknown antiquity," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Nobody seems to know much about it. This circular wall of stone is most of it very modern, but it is claimed that something remains from the tenth century."

"It seems to be a vast round tower," said his wife, "without any roof to it ; or, perhaps, an old circus."

"It is sufficiently uninteresting," said Mr. Bodley ; "but it is shady, and I'd like to sit down a while."

"And I want to count those letters," said Charles. So he and Sarah took the book between them, and, after making various calculations and disputing sturdily, they made the letters tell the story which they professed to tell. Here is the Dutch inscription, the English translation of which Mr. Bodley had read, and an ingenious enigma it is.

"nae sWarte hVngernoot gebraCht had tot de doot bInaest zes d VIZent MensChen, a Ls't god den heer Verdroot gaf hI Vns Weder broot, zo VeeL WI CVnsten WensChen."



"The Town Hall must have been built after the siege," said Charles.

"Why?"

"Because the inscription could n't have been made before the siege."

"No; but it might have been set in the wall of a building which was standing at the time of the siege. As a matter of fact," said his father, "I believe the Town Hall was standing at the time, having been recently built, and that the inscription was added as a memorial of the siege. This Burg where we are was one of the places to which the people came, during that terrible siege of Leyden, to look off for help toward the ocean. The tower of St. Pancras, yonder, was another lookout."

"What a siege it was," said Mr. Van Wyck, "when the inhabitants ate dogs and cats, chopped and boiled the hides of animals, and stripped the trees of their leaves; and what a sense it gives us of their terror of the Spaniard, when they endured all the torture of famine rather than expose themselves to his tender mercy!"

"It was more than terror of the Spaniard, Philip," said Mr Bodley; "it was an undying love of their country and their faith. I don't think there is a sublimer picture of heroism than in the double scenes within and without the city, when the inhabitants were starving, and when the Prince of Orange and the States-General determined to cut the dikes, drown out the country between Leyden and the sea, and thus make a way for the fleet to come to the city. What a night that last night of the siege was, when the burgomaster stood where we are, with a few of the famished men of Leyden, looked toward the fort of Lammen, over yonder, knew that the fleet lay behind the fort, and made a desperate resolve to rush out at

dawn and surprise the fort ; and then, after the pitchy dark night, to find that the Spaniards had actually fled from the fort, and there was nothing to hinder the fleet, which sailed up to the quays."

"I wish we could see the place where the boats came in," said Charles.

"You shall," said his father ; and before they left the city they visited the lock of the canal through which the relieving fleet had passed, though the place had of course been modernized. And in their hotel, in the evening, besides reading of the queer pageant by which the ceremony of founding the University was endowed, they read the touching words of Motley which describe the scene after the relief of the city : —

"The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread ; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation ; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, — nearly every living person within the walls, — all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king,

now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."



A Canal and Roadway in Leyden.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A VISIT TO DELFT.

"NATHAN," said his wife one day, "I really think our china-closet needs replenishing, and since we are so near Delft, why not go there and buy a few cups and saucers?"

"We should have gone last century, Blandina, if we wanted the

genuine Delft ware. There is only one manufactory now in the place, and the old ware is as dear in Delft as anywhere."

"Don't disturb my illusions, Nathan. Have n't I read about Delft and its pottery? Don't tell me there is no pottery and no Delft. It's a very little while since Mr. Longfellow wrote *Keramos*. Don't you remember?"



Delft in the Distance.

"What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis

And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer  
With comic mask and musketeer !  
Each hospitable chimney smiles  
A welcome from its painted tiles ;  
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,  
The stairways and the corridors,  
The borders of the garden walks,  
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers  
That never droop in winds or showers,  
And never wither on their stalks."

"One need not go out of America to see much of that," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I fancy we have quite as much of the old Delft ware as Holland has. I am sure I have seen nearly all that catalogue at home, including the tiles."

"How fond Mr. Longfellow is of tiles!" said her husband. "Don't you remember how charmingly he points out the tiles in the fireplace in his poem 'To a Child'?"

"Yes," said she; "and I remember especially well when I first heard the lines. You were not there, Phil, but Nathan was, and so 'was Lucy. We children were taking an excursion with father and mother and Ned, and spent a day or two at Aunt Lucy Sewall's in Newburyport. She had a wonderful Dutch fire-place, which her father had brought from Holland, and had built into the house. I remember as well as if it were yesterday how amazed we all were with it; and then Aunt Lucy took Lucy into her lap, and repeated the lines to her."

"Don't I wish Aunt Lucy were here now, — my Aunt Lucy!" said Sarah.

"So do we all of us," said her mother; "and I really think we ought to go to Delft, if for no other reason than to get a plate to carry back to Aunt Lucy."

"Aunt Lucy Bodley?"

"Oh dear, yes. Aunt Lucy Sewall has been dead many a year."

So to Delft they went, and as it was only five miles from the Hague, and the canal was beautifully overhung with trees, they took that way of going, getting aboard a *trekschuit*, and so being towed at a little faster pace than a walk to the old town. They passed, half way, Rijswijk, where the treaty of peace between England, France Holland, Germany, and Spain was concluded in 1697.

"That was the triumphant close of William's statesmanship," said Mr. Bodley. "He had sealed the great English constitutional revolution, had established the Protestant succession in England, and laid the foundations of the British empire. It was at his palace, as Prince of Orange, here in Rijswijk, that the treaty was signed; but as the palace has gone, and only a stone pillar left to mark the spot, we won't stop to look at it."

"I am a little confused about these Williams and Oranges," said Sarah. "There was William Prince of Orange, and William the Silent, and King William of England, and William of Nassau, and



On the way to Delft

there were Princes of Orange, and there was the Orange party of Ireland, and what does it all have to do with oranges, any way ?”

“I see I shall have to give you a little historical lecture on our way to Delft,” said her uncle, laughing ; “and it will be well to do so before we get there, for Delft is a place very closely connected with the house of Orange. Orange itself is a little town near the south of France, which formerly gave the name to a principality, and this principality was held by the family of Nassau ; the family of Nassau was divided into two branches, and it was from one of these families, that of the Netherlands, that William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was descended.”

“But, uncle,” interrupted Sarah, “don’t get away from oranges. I want to know what our oranges have to do with the family.”

“Nothing whatever, unless we go back to the Latin word which lies behind each. Orange in the south of France is *Aurantia*, in Latin,—the golden town, though why I do not know ; and an orange is also *aurantia* in Latin, a golden apple ; but the orange is an oriental fruit, which has a Persian and Arabic name very like *aurantia*. When the western people heard its name, it sounded so like *aurantia* that they found it easy to call it so, since it was golden. But let us come back to William of Nassau, Prince of Orange. When the Emperor Charles V. left his throne, and gave up the kingdom of Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip, William of Nassau was his most trusted servant in the Netherlands, and Philip, upon coming into power, turned to William, as his father had done before him. At that time,—it was the middle of the sixteenth century,—all Europe was in a ferment. The Reformation was one of the signs of a breaking up of the old order of things and the awakening of liberty ; it was the commencement of the modern world, in which

the worth of every person was beginning to be recognized. But the powers which had been heretofore uppermost, the church and the ruling families, were putting forth their strength to maintain supremacy. The church held a great council, the Council of Trent, in which it put forth a solemn declaration of what men were to believe, and the kings of Spain and of France, who had been at war with each other, made peace in order to combine against the growing spirit of liberty in the smaller states and amongst the towns in their own kingdoms.

“ Now, William of Nassau was the ambassador of Philip of Spain when this peace was concluded with the king of France ; and in the days of the negotiation, the French king, assuming that William, as the servant of Philip, was in hearty sympathy with him, disclosed the secret intentions which he and Philip had formed of a bitter and relentless persecution of all who had set themselves against the church. In the Netherlands, where people had for years been learning to govern themselves and to think for themselves, there were a great many of these heretics, as they were called, and William listened as the king declared that the Spanish army in the Netherlands was to crush them out. He was a young man, but he had great self-control, and his name of the Silent was gained partly because, when he listened, he betrayed no feeling, although, in his heart, he was struck with horror at what was planning for his countrymen.”

“ Then this William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was William the Silent,” said Sarah, telling off his titles on her fingers.

“ Yes. He earned his title by saying nothing when the imprudent Henry told him of his scheme, and he kept it by using a like discretion all his life. In point of fact, he was not a morose man,



nor very quiet, but it was as a leader of men that he knew the virtues of keeping his own counsel. He was silent as Washington was silent, and as Grant was silent."

"Lincoln was not silent," said Charles. "He told stories."

"Very true ; but Lincoln was a man of another nature. He was a patient listener to the voice of the people, and it is, after all, great generals, with important combinations to make, who find silence most essential. William had all his life the great business of combining into a mighty whole the scattered forces of freedom, which would have been incapable, singly, of withstanding such a power as Spain and France. He combined the forces of freedom and Protestantism, as the religious opposition to the mediæval church came to be called, and he divided, when he could, the forces of his antagonists. He made up his mind, when he heard Henry's disclosures, to thwart the purposes of the kings, and he began from that hour to range himself with the people of the Netherlands. He was a great soldier and a far-sighted statesman, and the knowledge which he had of the Spanish and French power was of immense value to him. With him, when he was concluding the peace, was a Spanish soldier, the Duke of Alva, and these men were to be pitted against each other in the great struggle which ensued. The history of the rise of the Dutch Republic is the history of a people who had courage and resolution, led by a man whose ideas of state and freedom grew, as theirs grew, with the hard struggle for rights. When William of Orange revolted at the disclosures of King Henry, he was not a Protestant prince, and it was only a portion of his people who were Protestants. He was a generous, humane ruler, who was indignant at a wholesale scheme of murder. The champions of religious liberty and the champions of political liberty only gradually became

the same ; but when the Netherlands were finally independent of Spain, it was a Protestant country, and it was a country which held the power largely in its own hands, and did not surrender it to a ruling family."

"That was one William, and the great William, I suppose," said Sarah, who insisted on keeping to the point. "Now please tell us about the other, who was king of England finally."

"When the Netherlands became a great commonwealth, the house of Nassau was the most important family, and very naturally, since William the Silent had been the great deliverer of the country. His son Maurice succeeded him as head of the house, and Maurice's son, who followed him, was another William ; and this William had a son William, the great-grandson of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and he was the one who became king of England. When William the Silent was combining all the forces which he could bring to bear against Spain, he labored most constantly to secure the good-will and assistance of England. Queen Elizabeth and her counselors knew that the cause of the Netherlands was the cause of England also ; that English freemen and Protestants had common ground with Dutchmen : and so, though help was sometimes niggardly given, England and the Netherlands were on the same side in the eighty years' war, and fought for the same end. The consequence was that the two countries became very closely allied, and it was to Holland, you know, that Englishmen turned, when they began to fear that there was a backward current in England, and that the victories gained for freedom and religion were to be lost again. So it happened that in the English revolution, which brought about the overthrow of the Stuart house in the person of the wrong-headed James II., the great English leaders, who wanted a strong

king to represent them, asked William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, to come over and take the throne. He was the champion of liberty and Protestantism then, as his great-grandfather had been before him in his day. Moreover, the families of the house of Orange and of the English kings had been intermarrying, and that seemed to make the Nassaus almost Englishmen. William II., Prince of Orange and grandson of William the Silent, married Mary, daughter of Charles I. of England, and so his son, who was William III., and became king of England, had an English princess for his mother, and himself married Mary, daughter of the very James II. whom he displaced ; so that he was the son of an English princess, and his wife the daughter of an English king, and as they ruled together as William and Mary they did not seem very un-English to most Englishmen."

"Now there is only one thing more, Uncle Nathan," said Sarah, "and that is what this all has to do with the Orange party in Ireland."

"That is easily explained when you remember that the Prince of Orange was the representative of the Protestant cause, and as such was summoned to England ; but the Jacobites, or adherents of James, continued to show fight, and the war was transferred to Ireland. The battle of the Boyne, which resulted in the triumph of William, and the siege of Limerick afterward, were the last important conflicts between the two parties, and after that William and Mary held undisturbed possession of the throne. But the Irish people were divided into two great camps, the Protestant and the Romish ; the fighting widened the breach between them, and the Orange colors and name have remained ever since as symbols of the extreme Protestant faction. But here we are at Delft. How fortunate that my lecture is over just in time ! I wonder why the flags are flying. What is the 25th of August ?"

"It is the birthday of the Prince of Orange, sir," said a good-natured Dutchman, who was standing by the side of the canal, and understood the English-speaking gentleman who landed just then from the boat, with his little party.



Delft

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Bodley. "How very fortunate! And will you direct us to the Oude Kerk?" They were quickly put on their way to it, and, finding the sexton's wife, were admitted,—the sole visitors at that hour. The interior was vast and white and cold.

"Why did you bring us here, Nathan?" asked his wife.

"To see the tomb of William the Silent."

"But the guide-book says it is at the New Church."

"So it does. Well, what tomb is there here? There must be some one of consequence buried here. Ha! here is the tomb of that gay old admiral, Van Tromp, who thrashed the English, and then went sailing through the British Channel, with a broom at his mast-head."

“Bravo for Van Tromp!” said Sarah.

“But what was the broom for?” asked Charles. “To sweep the cobweb from the skies?”

“What a stupid boy you are, Charles!” said his cousin. “The broom was to show that he had swept the enemy out of the way.”

“Charles is always stupid when the English are beaten by the Dutch,” said his mother. “When did the mighty Van Tromp perform the feat, Nathan?”

“It was in the days of the Commonwealth, in 1652. Cromwell required ships of all other countries to salute the English flag in the Channel, and that was the sign of the supremacy of England. He claimed the right of search, also, and in fact treated Holland very much as England afterward treated us.”

“And got whipped in the same way,” said Sarah.

“Yes, at first. But history compels us to admit that the English admiral, Blake, afterward won a series of naval victories, and the power of Holland was broken.”

Coming out from the Old Church, they saw across the canal a dull-looking building, which they soon found to be the old Prinsenhof, or palace, now used as a barracks. There was a gateway, with an inscription over it, “Gymnasium Publikum,” and near by was a group of soldiers. One of them jumped up at once, and spoke to Mr. Bodley, in Dutch. His words were not intelligible, but it was very evident that he was offering to escort them within; and, putting themselves under his lead, they passed through the gateway into an open court, crossed it, and came to a door, directly beyond which was the foot of a staircase. The floor where they stood, at the motion of the guide, was greatly worn. He pointed to the wall, and said a few words in Dutch, and they knew their meaning,

for there, upon the wall, was a square of white, surrounded by black, and in the square were two indentures. They were made by the bullets which were among the shots which had killed on this spot the great William of Orange. The soldier took a position just behind the foot of the staircase. "Here," he said by his gestures, "stood the murderer, and there came William down the staircase." A brief inscription told the same story.

"Almost three hundred years ago!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "The crime was committed July 10, 1584. Do you not remember William's words? 'O, my God, have mercy upon my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!'"

"Three hundred years ago," repeated Mr. Bodley, "and William was only a little over fifty, and his assassin expected to achieve greatness by putting the head of the government out of the way. How history repeats itself!"

"And yet," said Mr. Van Wyck, "neither William's death nor Garfield's could arrest the movement of a people."

"Oh, do not speak as if the President were dead!" exclaimed his wife, with tears in her eyes. "I will not believe it. He must live!"

During all the summer, these Americans traveling in Europe had carried anxious minds as they looked for daily news of President Garfield. His assassination had been almost the first piece of American news which they had received after their arrival, and they seized upon every scrap which they could pick out of the foreign papers. Their letters from home were full of it, and in the fluctuations of hope and despair it often happened that one of Aunt Lucy's letters would be cheerful, with trembling expectation of recovery, while the telegraph was bringing a fortnight's later news of

fresh grounds for dismay. The visit to the Prinsenhof brought the sad matter vividly before them.

"There is something more than an artificial parallel between William and Garfield," said Mr. Bodley. "Our history runs back very closely into that of Holland; for while there was not a very direct connection between Holland and the United States, and that connection was mainly in trade, in point of fact our independence and our maintenance of right, when we broke away from England, was a great step in the history of liberty, of which the two important preceding ones were the Dutch and English movement under William III., and the Dutch revolt under William the Silent. Our final establishment of the United States, by the war for the Union, upon the basis of personal freedom was the legitimate result, after more than three centuries, of the stand taken by this little country against Spain. It is just three hundred years since the Union of Utrecht, which is the date of the Dutch Republic's distinct establishment. That was in 1581."

After leaving the Prinsenhof, they made their way into the market-place, and there found the Nieuwe Kerk, or New Church, though it is new only in comparison with the other, for it was begun in 1412. It was a great hulk of a church, which had been added to and buttressed until it was almost shapeless. The great buttresses which were stacked about its east end were pierced by arches at the base, making an odd little passage close by the walls of the church.

"What capital times the children must have, playing hide and seek here!" said Sarah.

Within the church they found the great monument in marble and bronze, to the memory of William of Orange. The effigy of the

prince in marble lay on a black marble sarcophagus beneath a canopy held up by pillars ; all, roof and pillars, of finely cut marble. In the niches of the pillars were allegorical figures of Liberty, Justice, Prudence, and Religion. At the head of the recumbent figure was a smaller statue in bronze, representing the prince in full military dress, while at the feet was another bronze statue of Fame. The feet of the effigy were placed against a dog, as was the wont of earlier monumental effigies, but there was a special reason in this case, since this dog was in memory of one that saved the prince's life when an earlier attempt was made upon it by two Spanish assassins.

"How hard the Holland people tried to put all their grief into stone!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "These very elaborate monuments affect one like a rhetorical panegyric, in which the orator is not only thinking of the dead, but of his own fine speech."

"Yes," said Mr. Bodley; "and look at this simple monument to our old friend. Hugo Grotius. Well, both of these men left their monuments in a changed world."

In the market-place of Delft they found a shop where the Delft ware of the day was sold, but they were more interested in two or three shops where old Delft ware was to be seen. After much search and a great deal of haggling over prices, they bought a platter for Aunt Lucy. The shopman, who had a smattering of English, represented it as of fabulous antiquity.

"It is dusty enough, at any rate," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"And it cost enough," said her husband.

"Yes; it is the first price of the dish with compound interest, probably," said Mr. Bodley; but he took out his purse and paid for it, and they all carried the platter in turn, no one being quite easy



as long as any one else held it. They went back to the Hague by the horse-car, which was drawn by a single horse along the brick-paved road which ran by the side of the canal. They changed the horse half-way, by exchanging with a car coming from the opposite direction.

"Poor horses!" said Charles. "One of them never gets to Delft, and the other never gets to the Hague!"

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN AMERICAN IN HOLLAND.

"FATHER," said Nathan that evening, as they sat in the park after dinner, "was n't Holland of any consequence during our war for independence? I should think she would have taken sides with us, for she was United States, and we were trying to be."

"She did, finally, and got into war with England, though perhaps it would be as correct to say that the two events helped each other. Holland was the first state in Europe to recognize our existence as a sovereign nation, and it was owing chiefly to the labors of one American, — John Adams."

"The President?"

"Yes. He had been sent by Congress to Paris, to act with Dr. Franklin in the negotiations which were going on with the French court in 1780. The French diplomats had one uppermost purpose, to weaken the power of Great Britain, and for this they used our conflict with England. They befriended us, but were constantly holding off from final treaties, according as these would affect their

own relations with England. Adams became very impatient of the vexatious delays, and in July, 1780, set out for Holland, where he meant to see if he could not accomplish something away from the subtle management of the French ministers. Especially he wanted to borrow money for America. We were greatly in need of money to carry on the war, and we had obtained some from France ; but Holland was a rich country, and in its great cities were rich bankers, whose business it was to lend money. They wanted good security, however. The Amsterdam bankers would not lend money to the American government unless they could be very sure that America was going to succeed in the war with England. Then, of course, as a sovereign nation, she could raise money by taxes, and pay her debts ; but if she should be beaten by England, the last thing that England would do would be to pay back money which had been lent to beat Englishmen.

“So John Adams had two errands in Holland. He wanted to find out who would lend his country money, and he wanted to persuade them to lend it. While he was busy about this, he received commissions from Congress, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces, and authority to sign the Armed Neutrality, as it was called, a treaty by which the various European governments were to be united against any encroachments on the part of England. So he was doubly armed. He began at once to give the merchants and bankers and principal people of Holland an American's account of affairs in America. Hitherto they had got their information chiefly through England, and of course that information was not very favorable to the colonies. He sought the acquaintance of men of letters, and tried to get the writers on his side. He was dining, one day, at Amsterdam, with a distinguished

lawyer named Calkoen, who asked him a great many questions about his country. Adams did not speak French very fluently, and



*John Adams*

knew no Dutch at all, I believe; so, though he made out to answer as well as he could, he was not satisfied, and asked the lawyer to put his questions into writing. Then he took these, and made them the text for a series of letters, which were published under the title of 'Twenty-Six Letters upon interesting subjects respecting the Revolution of America.'

"He did not content himself with this social and individual method. As soon as he received his commission, he drew up a memorial to

their High Mightinesses, the States-General, which he presented April 19, 1781. This paper has an interesting preamble, in which he recites the reasons why Holland should be especially friendly to the American Republic. They are just the reasons which interest us so much in our visit to Holland. 'If there was ever among nations,' he says, 'a national alliance, one may be formed between the two republics. The first planters of the four Northern States found in this country an asylum from persecution, and resided here from the year 1608 to the year 1620, twelve years preceding

their migration. They ever entertained, and have transmitted to posterity, a grateful remembrance of that protection and hospitality, and especially of that religious liberty they found here, having sought them in vain in England. The first inhabitants of two other States, New York and New Jersey, were emigrants from this nation, and have transmitted their religion, language, customs, manners, and characters.' After this graceful introduction, he urged the States-General to recognize him as Minister Plenipotentiary of an independent sovereignty.

"There is no saying how he would have succeeded if Great Britain, who seemed at that time always to be ready to do the unwise thing, had not declared war upon Holland. For more than a century Holland had been growing more and more dependent upon England, and therefore hostile to France. The Stadtholder, the representative of the house of Orange, had none of the sterling virtues of his ancestors, and sided with the English interest; but there had been forming a sturdier party, especially in the cities among the commercial people, who resented the interference of the English with the Dutch commerce, and thus, when England declared war, the country took spirit, and listened to Mr. Adams more closely than they might have done.

"At any rate, he now went to work, and began a series of formal visits, in person, to the chief officers and the members of the States-General, reminding them that he had as yet received no answer to his memorial, and asking for a distinct answer, no or yes, to the question whether the United States would be recognized. His visits, and his letters and pamphlets, and the petitions which were gotten up by persons interested in the movement, began to tell. The government of Holland was a complicated affair. In a general

way the separate states and the States-General corresponded to our States and Congress ; but, in point of fact, the power of deciding lay in both bodies, and Mr. Adams had to convince the separate states, and persuade them to instruct their delegates. Success came at last, and exactly a year from the day when he made his first memorial the States-General formally received him, and thereby acknowledged the sovereignty of the United States of America."

"That was a famous date," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"What date?"

"Why, the date when Holland acknowledged our sovereignty, — the 19th of April."

"So it was. How many things have happened on the 19th of April!" said Mr. Bodley.

"There was the battle of Lexington," said Charles, promptly, who took his father's exclamation for a question.

"Yes, but there was an earlier event on that day. On April 19, 1689, the people of Boston rose in rebellion, and put Joseph Dudley, the deputy of England, into prison."

"And there was a later," said Mr. Van Wyck. "On the 19th of April, 1861, the first blood was shed in the streets of Baltimore, when the troops were marching to the defense of Washington, at the call of the President."

"Long live April 19!" shouted Sarah.

"And long live John Adams," said her uncle. "He gained the formal recognition of Holland, and thought it the greatest success of his life; and now that he had carried his point, he found it comparatively easy to persuade the Amsterdam bankers to lend money, and from that time Holland was of the greatest assistance to the United States. What is especially pleasant to know is that

we paid our debts promptly, as soon as we had fairly established our own national government."

"So Holland," said Mrs. Bodley, "really has been of great help to America. She took care of the poor Pilgrims until they were ready to come over to Plymouth, she laid the foundations of New York, and she lent us money in the Revolution."

"Oh, that's not all," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "She gave me a husband, and Nathan a wife."

"And, as father says," said Charles, who took things somewhat gravely, "the beginning of the great battle of freedom was fought in Holland, and ended in America."

"Oh, no, Charles, not quite ended," said his father. "There is much to be done before America is free."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### ROTTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the Hague, Rotterdam, — these were the three centres from which the Bodleys made their survey of Holland. They left the beautiful Hague with reluctance, and took the little railway journey to Rotterdam.

"We might have seen Rotterdam from the Hague," said Sarah. "I did n't know it was so near."

"Well," said Charles, "we have learned two things about Holland, at any rate. It is flat, and it is small."

"Nothing small to a great man," said Sarah, sententiously, quoting the Zaandam oracle.

"That will do to carry off, as Holland in a small parcel," said her father, laughing; "and we might add, 'Nothing flat to a sharp man.'" They had established themselves at their hotel, and were walking through the streets. "I want to show you first the most interesting thing in Rotterdam, in my opinion, and that is the statue of Erasmus, in the market-place."

They easily made their way to the market-place, where fruit and vegetables and wares of various sorts were spread about, and people were chaffering over the buying and selling. There were no carts, but the place was filled with stalls and temporary counters. Across one side of the market-place ran the viaduct upon which the railway was carried, and every now and then to the busy hum of the small trade below was added the rush of a train of cars. With this viaduct for an ungainly background, the statue of the famous scholar stood in a little inclosure. It was of bronze, raised just above the level of the crowd, so that it seemed to be scarcely removed from the busy throng.

"How absorbed he is!" said Mrs. Bodley. "He pays no attention to us and all these people in the market-place."

"He is reading his book," said Charles.

"And yet he seems to be walking," said Sarah. Yes; the attitude was that of a man who was on his way through the crowd, turning the leaves of his book as he walked. It was not a large statue, but it was full of animation and of nervous force.

"What a contrast there is," said Mr. Van Wyck, "between this scholar and the place where he stands! It was a fine thing for Rotterdam to place him here,—her greatest scholar in her busiest place. The contrast makes the statue all the more effective."

"And yet one would look for a scholar in some academic hall,"

said Mr. Bodley, thinking a moment. "Fitness seems to require that."

"I like it," insisted Mr. Van Wyck. "Contrast sometimes brings out the expression more effectively, and the view of Erasmus here reminds one that his studies had a tolerably near effect upon the life of the people who came to the market-place."

"Well," continued Mr. Bodley, "suppose Holland were to erect a statue to Motley: and she might well do so: I think it would be more in place in one of the halls or churches than in a busy street."

"Perhaps so, because Motley was not himself a part of her life. They should have a statue of John of Barneveld in the Binnenhof, near where he was executed, and one to Motley, within the hall of the States-General."

"What does this mean?" said Charles, who, with Sarah, had wandered off a little, and stood before a quaint house near by. "There is a date of 1594, and 'In Duizend Vreezen.' 'Duizend,' I guess, is 'thousand.' In a thousand shivers?"

"Not so far wrong, Charles," said his uncle. "That is the 'House



The House of a Thousand Fears.



of a Thousand Fears.' The story goes that when the Spaniards sacked Rotterdam in 1572, after getting admission by treachery, not a man, woman, or child who could be found was spared. The people in this house took a cat, — one version says a kid, — and, killing it, smeared the blood all over the passage and doorway, and threw the furniture all about, giving the place the appearance of the greatest disorder and confusion. Then they left the front door open, and hid themselves in the cellar. The soldiers who came by, seeing the blood and dirt and general appearance of things, supposed some of their comrades had been there before them, and so passed by without doing any mischief. The wretched people lay shivering in the cellar, and only came out when the danger was fairly over. So they gave the name to the house. But I don't understand the date."

"Perhaps the date was put up when the house was repaired," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Very likely. At any rate, we won't ask too many questions. If we do, it may turn out that there was no cat and no kid."

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"Translate it, Charles," said his father. "You are our Latin scholar."

"'This is the little house where the big Erasmus was born.'"

"'Nothing small for a great man,'" said Sarah. "That's the Holland motto."

Then, not far away, they saw two old houses standing next each other, and from the tops of two windows were two stone heads turned toward each other, and talking as only stone heads can talk. The legend runs that once there was a frightful plague in Rotterdam, from which people were dying in uncounted numbers. In the street in which these two houses stand all the people had died excepting two men, who lived in these two houses, and did not dare to venture out. But they agreed that every morning, at a certain hour, each, if he were alive, would look out of the window toward his neighbor's window. Day after day, at the appointed hour, each looked out, fearful lest no answering face should be seen at the other window. When the peril was past, the neighbors commemorated their solemn good-mornings by having these heads carved; and there



Saturday Morning in Rotterdam.

they remain, looking at each other, long after the originals have mouldered in the dust.

It was Saturday morning, and in Rotterdam, as throughout Hol-

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"This is the little house where the big Erasmus was born."

"Nothing small for a great man," said Sarah. "That's the Holland motto."

"It was in former days, before railways had been built, and before commercial cities had changed the course of trade. On the map you can trace the waterway from Leyden to Delft, and by Delfshaven on the Maese to the sea; but people would be about as likely to go from Leyden to America in that way as to go from Springfield to New York by boat by way of the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound."

"I suppose, at last, we are to see the place where the Pilgrims actually set sail," said Charles.

"You must give up any idea of discovering the wharf," said his father, smiling. "When your Uncle Philip and I were here before, we discovered that Delfshaven was not such a historic place to the Dutch as to us. Murray's hand-book, for instance, does n't even mention it."

It was an easy afternoon excursion to the famous place. A dummy engine drew a street-car over the causeway which connected Delfshaven with Rotterdam, and crossed a wide marsh. It was only a couple of miles away; but the little town, though rather squalid and mean-looking, had a certain picturesqueness of its own. It appeared to be given up chiefly to breweries and distilleries, while the river, and the canal opening into it, had arms into the town, which were bordered by piers and warehouses. There were a few buildings with dates near the end of the sixteenth century, and, as others were of the same pattern, it was easy to believe that, in external appearance, the little port was not essentially different from the Delfshaven from which the Pilgrims set sail.

"I don't see anything of the Speedwell," said Charles.

"No; it has not come back yet from its last voyage," said his father.

land, people were everywhere washing the world for its Sunday holiday. Men and maids were busy on door-steps and by the sides of canals, vigorously shooting water at windows and doors, and scrubbing and mopping what seemed already as clean as any reasonable person could ask. They used little pumps, also, to reach spots which were beyond the limits of the long brushes.

"I don't suppose it was necessary to inherit this particular virtue," said Mrs. Bodley, "but it certainly is an old New York custom to wash the stoops and sidewalks Saturday morning."

"It is a Philadelphia custom, too," said her brother. "Let us believe that cleanliness is a part of the civilized man, and not a national characteristic. However, I suppose the dampness of Holland has something to do with it. The wood has to be painted to keep it from rotting, and it is necessary to clean the paint. Water is handy, also. But we won't rob our dear Dutch of one of their virtues."

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## CHAPTER XV.

### ON THE TRACK OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"It does n't seem to me that there is much to see in Rotterdam that we have n't seen elsewhere in Holland," said Sarah, as they sat at lunch that day.

"There is not," said her father; "and all we want now of Rotterdam, besides buying some Dutch linen, is to visit Delfshaven, and to set sail for London."

"I should think we ought to have gone to Delfshaven from Delft," said Charles. "Is n't it the harbor of that town?"

they were not permitted to live in England, were very sturdy Englishmen. But come, to make the thing real, listen to what I am going to read to you. It is a scrap out of Bradford's 'History of Plymouth Plantation;' and Mr. Bodley, taking a sheet of paper from his wallet, read as follows:—

“ ‘ At length, after much travail and these debates,’— that is, after they had discussed the whole affair, and turned it over and looked at it in all lights, — ‘ all things were got ready and provided. A small ship was bought and fitted in Holland,’ — that was the Speedwell, of about sixty tons burden, — ‘ which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in the country and attend upon fishing and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came there. Another was hired at London,’ — that was the Mayflower, — ‘ of burden about nine score; and all other things got in readiness. So, being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation,’ — a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, as our Fast Day proclamations read; ‘ then the pastor, taking his text from Ezra viii. 21, *And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before God, and seek of Him a right way for us and for our children and for all our substance.* Upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably, and suitable to their present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency, mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied, with most of their brethren, out of the city, unto a town sundry miles off, called Delfshaven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So they left the goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked

"But where do you suppose was the spot where the Pilgrims embarked? We must celebrate some place."

"It is impossible to tell. Our only safe way is to march along the water-side the whole length of the town;" and so they did. They threaded the canal and docks, and got into places where they had to turn back; but they had the satisfaction of overlooking every foot of the river, and thus of knowing that they had seen the spot where the Pilgrims embarked.

"They must have come along here," said Charles, sweeping his arm comprehensively. "Father, how long a journey was it from Leyden? It was at Leyden, was n't it, that they were living when they set out for America?"

"Yes. You remember we saw the tablet to Robinson there, and that Robinson remained behind with the bulk of the colony, while Elder Brewster brought the Pilgrims away. It is about fourteen miles to Leyden by canal, and Robinson and many of their friends came with them to take a last leave."

"I should think," said Sarah, "that they would have gone to New Amsterdam, and settled among the Dutch, after living with them so long here."

"Perhaps that is just the reason they did n't," said Charles, slyly.

"The Dutch gave them the opportunity, Sarah," said her uncle, "and urged them very strongly to go out as a Dutch colony; but I suppose they were anxious to be by themselves, and then the leaders probably did not altogether like Dutch management or Dutch society. In fact, Bradford distinctly tells us that they planned to leave Holland, because the longer they lived there the more they saw that they could not keep their young people English. They were drifting into Holland life and ways, and the Pilgrims, though

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not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. When they came to the place, they found the ship and all things ready ; and such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them ; and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped, and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day, the wind being fair, they went aboard, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting ; to see what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart ; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their revered pastor, falling down on his knees (and they all with him), with watery cheeks, commended them, with most fervent prayers, to the Lord and his blessing. And then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.' ”

“ How vividly Bradford must have remembered that ! ” said Mrs. Van Wyck. “ And was it then that John Robinson made his famous farewell address ? ”

“ We do not know. There was time enough, certainly, since Robinson spent a good part of the day upon the text which Bradford gives. But they had already had a similar occasion at Leyden. I think, however, from Winslow's account, that the tenor of the

interior had bags of flour, and was very mealy ; but they did not linger on the first floor. They climbed a ladder to the second, and so came upon the gallery, which extended about the whole of the second story.

“ Here we manage the sails,” said the miller ; and he showed them how he started them, and how, by means of a wooden slide running the length of the arms, the pressure of the wind could be increased or diminished. They climbed higher still into the loft, and the children put their heads, by turns, out of a shuttered hole, just where the beam to which the arms were attached ran out.

“ Does your wheel ever wear out ? ” asked Mr. Bodley.

“ The tire is of willow,” said the miller, “ and very hard wood is used throughout. The most durable part of the wooden machinery lasts about twenty-five years.”

“ But the wind does not always blow,” said Charles.

“ No. It does not always blow. You see that row of trees ? The farmer over there set out that row to keep the wind from his garden, and sometimes it does keep it from my mill, too. They begin to use steam, now, in Holland.”



Fortuna.

other side of the marsh and nearer the river, and so into the city of Rotterdam again.

On the way, they saw in the twilight a row of windmills stretching along the water-side.

"They look like giants," said Sarah.

"Yes," said her mother; "just such as the famous Don Quixote tilted against. You know the knight was so full of more than common sense that, where other people saw only a windmill, he saw an armed man standing in the road, and thrashing about with his arms. So he ran against the sails with his spear, and fought very hard, but came off second best. Now, when any one gets furious at imaginary evils, people say that, like Don Quixote, he is running a-tilt against a windmill."

"I wish," said Charles, "we could go into a windmill and climb up by the sails. I don't feel as if I really knew the creature, which I have seen everywhere in Holland."

"You certainly shall make the acquaintance of one," said his father; and before they left Rotterdam, while the ladies, under the care of Mr. Van Wyck, were busy with their shopping, Mr. Bodley took the two children out into the country a little way, until they came to a hospitable-looking mill. It had a name in large letters upon it, Fortuna; others have like names, as Hope, Friendship, The King. The miller was standing by the door, and smiled at them as they stood near.

"Will you come in?" he asked.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Bodley, delighted to find a miller who spoke English. "These children wish very much to see the inside of a Holland mill."

"Come in! come in!" said the miller; and in they went. The

some like them could have been, and places on land always look comfortable when you are on the water."

"Just as ships always look graceful and clean from shore," said Sarah, sagely. "But we know better. Look at that summer-house in among the trees."

"What queer people the Dutch are, any way!" said Charles. "When they have so much water in the canals and rivers, to go to work and dig a pond in their gardens."

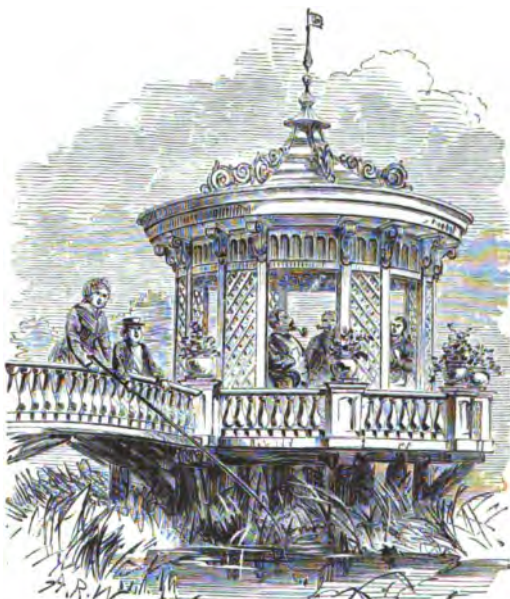
"Just so," said his father; "and a Dutch gentleman assured me that he had noticed that Swiss gentlemen, when they wanted to improve their grounds, usually raised little mounds in them, to remind them of mountains."

"I can't help thinking," said Mrs. Bodley, "that all Holland seems to have retired into a sort of summer-house and garden, to dream over its old days of war and adventure."

"Like Simon Danz," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Simon Danz? Who was he?"

"He was a Dutch sea-captain. I'm sure I don't know whether he really lived or not, but I remember Mr. Longfellow's poem about him; and as he lived in one of the houses on the river bank somewhere about here, I'm sure there's no better place for reciting the verses." So Mrs. Van Wyck recited Longfellow's poem.



A Dutch Summer-House.

of a Thousand Fears.' The story goes that when the Spaniards sacked Rotterdam in 1572, after getting admission by treachery, not a man, woman, or child who could be found was spared. The people in this house took a cat, — one version says a kid, — and, killing it, smeared the blood all over the passage and doorway, and threw the furniture all about, giving the place the appearance of the greatest disorder and confusion. Then they left the front door open, and hid themselves in the cellar. The soldiers who came by, seeing the blood and dirt and general appearance of things, supposed some of their comrades had been there before them, and so passed by without doing any mischief. The wretched people lay shivering in the cellar, and only came out when the danger was fairly over. So they gave the name to the house. But I don't understand the date."

"Perhaps the date was put up when the house was repaired," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Very likely. At any rate, we won't ask too many questions. If we do, it may turn out that there was no cat and no kid."

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ON THE RIVER MAESE

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"I should think we ought to have gone to Delfshaven from Delft," said Charles. "Isn't it the harbor of that town?"

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;  
Figures in color and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlor to and fro;  
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?  
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

"Well," said Mr. Bodley, "that sounds as if Holland might wake again some day, and be as bold and adventurous as she was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"I don't know," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Just at present Holland is a rich country and an industrious country, and fairly contented, but it looks as if its great days had gone by."



"But where do you suppose was the spot where the Pilgrims embarked? We must celebrate some place."

"It is impossible to tell. Our only safe way is to march along the water-side the whole length of the town;" and so they did. They threaded the canal and docks, and got into places where they had to turn back; but they had the satisfaction of overlooking every foot of the river, and thus of knowing that they had seen the spot where the Pilgrims embarked.

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"Yes," said her mother; "just such as the famous Don Quixote tilted against. You know the knight was so full of more than common sense that, where other people saw only a windmill, he saw an armed man standing in the road, and thrashing about with his arms. So he ran against the sails with his spear, and fought very hard, but came off second best. Now, when any one gets furious at imaginary evils, people say that, like Don Quixote, he is running a-tilt against a windmill."

"I wish," said Charles, "we could go into a windmill and climb up by the sails. I don't feel as if I really knew the creature, which I have seen everywhere in Holland."

"You certainly shall make the acquaintance of one," said his father; and before they left Rotterdam, while the ladies, under the care of Mr. Van Wyck, were busy with their shopping, Mr. Bodley took the two children out into the country a little way, until they came to a hospitable-looking mill. It had a name in large letters upon it, Fortuna; others have like names, as Hope, Friendship, The King. The miller was standing by the door, and smiled at them as they stood near.

"Will you come in?" he asked.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Bodley, delighted to find a miller who spoke English. "These children wish very much to see the inside of a Holland mill."

"Come in! come in!" said the miller; and in they went. The

interior had bags of flour, and was very mealy ; but they did not linger on the first floor. They climbed a ladder to the second, and so came upon the gallery, which extended about the whole of the second story.

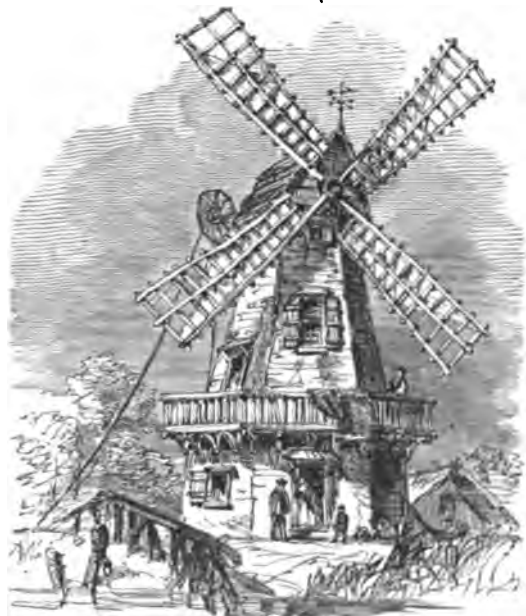
"Here we manage the sails," said the miller ; and he showed them how he started them, and how, by means of a wooden slide running the length of the arms, the pressure of the wind could be increased or diminished. They climbed higher still into the loft, and the children put their heads, by turns, out of a shuttered hole, just where the beam to which the arms were attached ran out.

"Does your wheel ever wear out ?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"The tire is of willow," said the miller, "and very hard wood is used throughout. The most durable part of the wooden machinery lasts about twenty-five years."

"But the wind does not always blow," said Charles.

"No. It does not always blow. You see that row of trees ? The farmer over there set out that row to keep the wind from his garden, and sometimes it does keep it from my mill, too. They begin to use steam, now, in Holland."



Fortuna.

other side of the marsh and nearer the river, and so into the city of Rotterdam again.

On the way, they saw in the twilight a row of windmills stretching along the water-side.

"They look like giants," said Sarah.

"Yes," said her mother; "just such as the famous Don Quixote tilted against. You know the knight was so full of more than common sense that, where other people saw only a windmill, he saw an armed man standing in the road, and thrashing about with his arms. So he ran against the sails with his spear, and fought very hard, but came off second best. Now, when any one gets furious at imaginary evils, people say that, like Don Quixote, he is running a-tilt against a windmill."

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FIG. 1.

"Steam!" said Mr. Bodley. "That accounts for the chimneys I have sometimes seen against windmills."

"Just so. When the wind does not blow, they use steam, and sometimes they use the steam and wind."

"That's the way it is at sea," said Charles, philosophically. "Steam is driving out wind power, and they are talking of building steam-ships without any masts or sails."

"You say so?" said the miller. "We must have the sails and the wind at our windmills."

"Yes, indeed," said Sarah. "Don't give them up. What would Holland be without windmills?"

"It would be a very stupid Holland," said Charles. "When I see the sails go round and round, I think the country is dancing a jig."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### GOOD-BY TO HOLLAND.

THE Bodleys and the Van Wycks were comfortably established on the steamboat which was taking them from Rotterdam to Harwich, for by this way they were going to England.

"Only think," said Charles, "this is the very same river by which the Pilgrims sailed away from Delft."

"But this is better than the Speedwell," said Sarah. "Father, don't you suppose the Dutch houses and places must have looked very pleasant to the poor Pilgrims as they sailed by?"

"No doubt of it, Sarah. Just see those red-tiled houses; how cosy they look! They could hardly have been there in 1620, but

some like them could have been, and places on land always look comfortable when you are on the water."

"Just as ships always look graceful and clean from shore," said Sarah, sagely. "But we know better. Look at that summer-house in among the trees."

"What queer people the Dutch are, any way!" said Charles. "When they have so much water in the canals and rivers, to go to work and dig a pond in their gardens."

"Just so," said his father; "and a Dutch gentleman assured me that he had noticed that Swiss gentlemen, when they wanted to improve their grounds, usually raised little mounds in them, to remind them of mountains."

"I can't help thinking," said Mrs. Bodley, "that all Holland seems to have retired into a sort of summer-



A DUTCH SUMMER HOUSE

house and garden, to dream over its old days of war and adventure."

"Like Simon Danz," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Simon Danz? Who was he?"

"He was a Dutch sea-captain. I'm sure I don't know whether he really lived or not, but I remember Mr. Longfellow's poem about him; and as he lived in one of the houses on the river bank somewhere about here, I'm sure there's no better place for reciting the verses." So Mrs. Van Wyck recited Longfellow's poem.



## A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,  
From cruising about with his buccaneers;  
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain  
And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,  
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,  
There are silver tankards of antique styles,  
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles  
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown  
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
Walks in a waking dream.

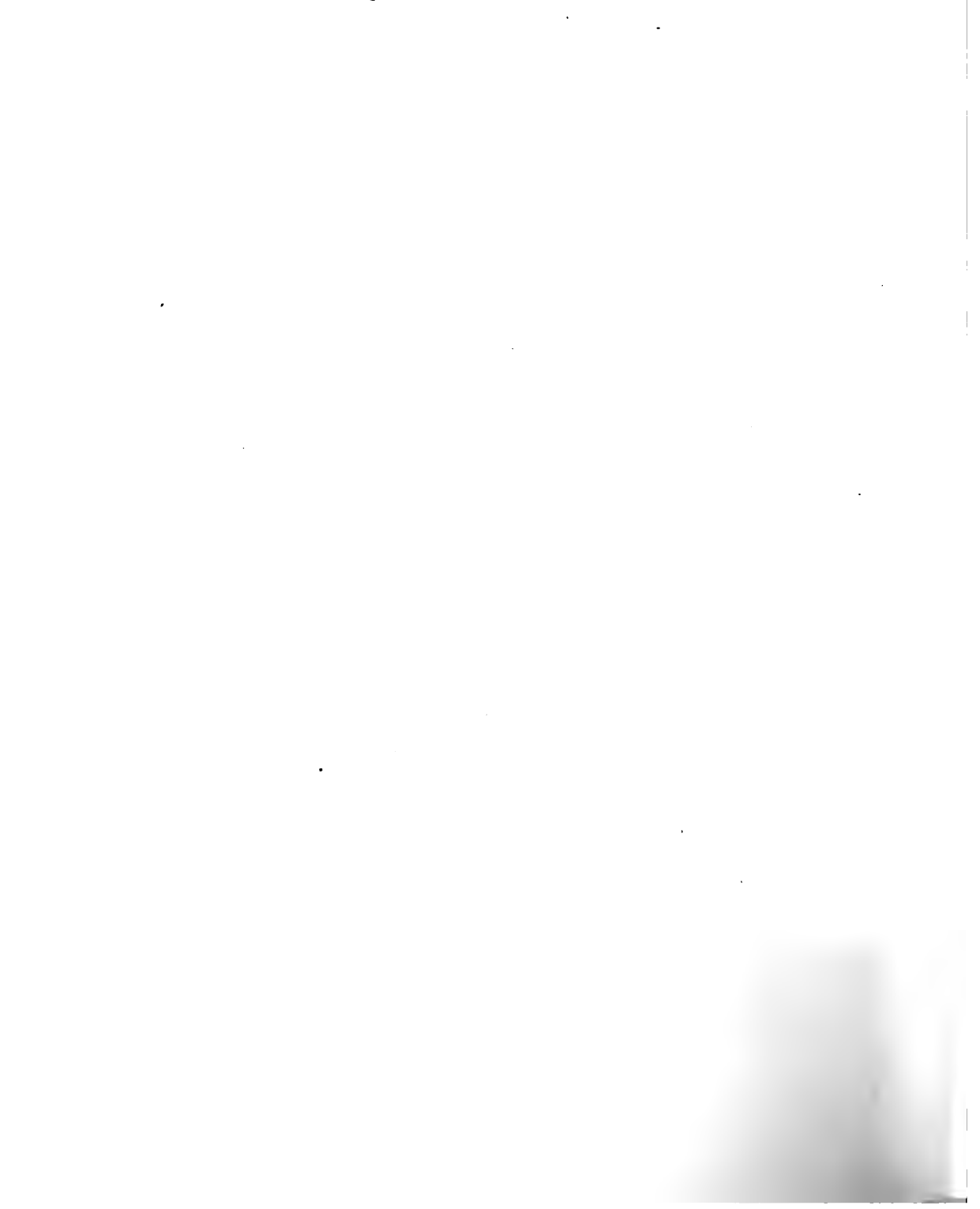
A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,  
And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the haze,  
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,  
With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,  
And old sea-faring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin.  
And rings upon their hands.



ON THE RIVER MAESE



They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;  
Figures in color and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlor to and fro;  
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?  
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

"Well," said Mr. Bodley, "that sounds as if Holland might wake again some day, and be as bold and adventurous as she was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"I don't know," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Just at present Holland is a rich country and an industrious country, and fairly contented, but it looks as if its great days had gone by."

“Suppose it should be attacked?”

“There might be an uprising. Certainly the leaders believe in the possibility of greatness. The government is building large fortifications on the side of Germany, and it has devised a system by which the group of cities could be protected by the series of forts and by inundation on the land side. Yes, they are ready to cut the dikes again, and overflow the country, and they think that by this means they could hold their own long enough for some first-class power, like England, to come to their help.”

“They still look to England, then?”

“Yes; they have more in common with England than with any other country, and their constitutional monarchy follows pretty closely on the English model. The house of Orange is, however, dying out. The present prince is unmarried, and, in case of his death, the crown will fall to one of the collateral branches; but even that has only one or two members. The late queen was very popular; the present king, who has married a young girl, is not especially popular, and his son is so quiet that he is scarcely known at all.”

The steamer sped swiftly on. It is only fourteen miles, or so, to the mouth of the Maese from Rotterdam, and it was not long before they had left the low, sandy shores of Holland behind them, and were plowing the North Sea. Night came on, and lights could be seen on the low shore far astern.

“Good-by, Holland!” said Charles, waving his hand. “We’re not quite ready to sail for Plymouth Rock, yet. But we bid you an affectionate farewell.”

“Good-by, Holland!” echoed Sarah. “Good-by, my dear old grandfather land!”



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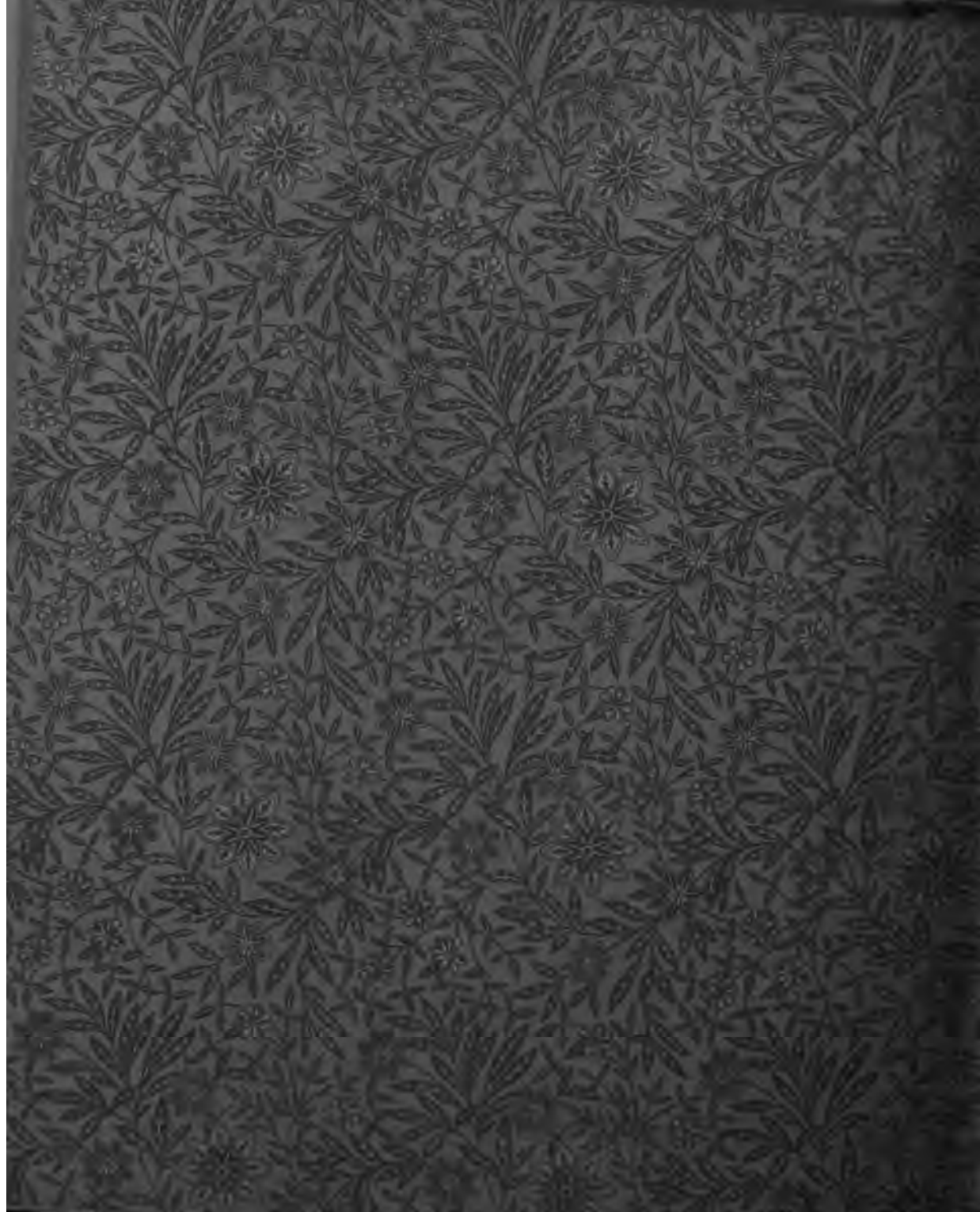
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